

FEBRUARY 1928

35 CENTS

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
Publishers

## THE Add-a-pearl NECKLACE



### CUPID GIVES ADD-A-PEARLS FOR VALENTINES

ONCE upon a time a beautiful princess named Psyche lived in Greece. Everyone loved her except Venus, goddess of beauty, who was jealous of her. Venus sent her son Cupid to wound Psyche with one of his golden arrows, but when he saw her, Cupid fell in love with the lovely princess. Then Venus was so angry that she turned all of Psyche's lovers away from her. Both of her sisters married great princes but nobody came to marry Psyche. Her parents were sure the gods were displeased. They went to the temple of Apollo to ask advice of the oracle. He told them that Psyche would be the bride of an immortal lover and to take her to

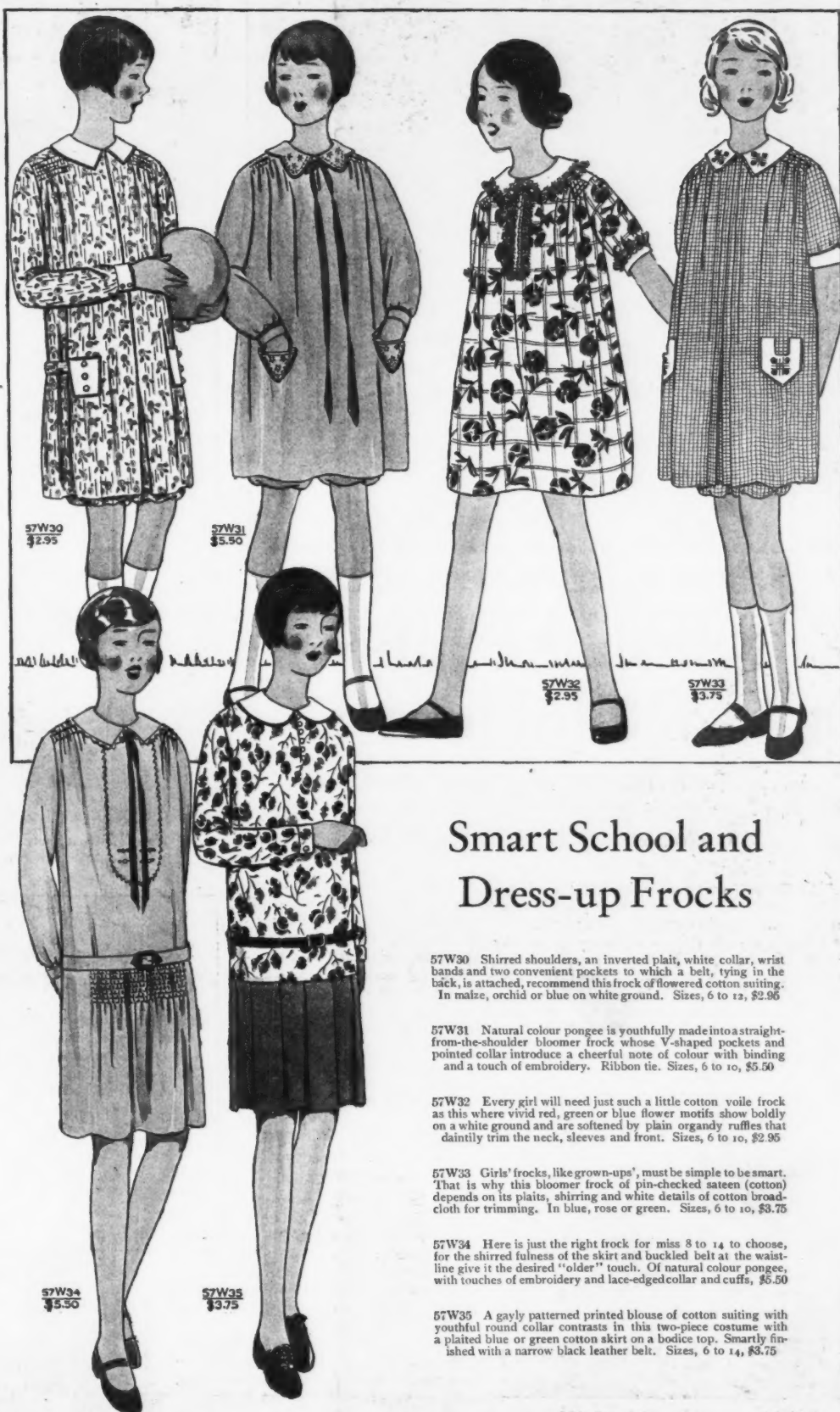
the top of a high mountain to wait for him. Soon Zephyr, the west wind, came and carried Psyche to a valley near a wonderful palace. A gentle voice whispered to her that all she saw was hers. It was Cupid who had come to marry Psyche! He brought her many precious jewels and of them all Psyche loved the strings of lustrous pearls the best.

#### *Give ADD-A-PEARLS for Valentines*

Just as Psyche many years ago, loved her pearls most of all her jewels, girls today love them. And through the ADD-A-PEARL IDEA, it is possible to own a necklace of genuine oriental pearls. Additional pearls make a perfect Valentine Gift. *Ask your jeweler.*

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY  
CHICAGO



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## Smart School and Dress-up Frocks

**57W30** Shirred shoulders, an inverted plait, white collar, wrist bands and two convenient pockets to which a belt, tying in the back, is attached, recommend this frock of flowered cotton suiting. In maize, orchid or blue on white ground. Sizes, 6 to 12, \$2.95

**57W31** Natural colour pongee is youthfully made into a straight-from-the-shoulder bloomer frock whose V-shaped pockets and pointed collar introduce a cheerful note of colour with binding and a touch of embroidery. Ribbon tie. Sizes, 6 to 10, \$5.50

**57W32** Every girl will need just such a little cotton voile frock as this where vivid red, green or blue flower motifs show boldly on a white ground and are softened by plain organdy ruffles that daintily trim the neck, sleeves and front. Sizes, 6 to 10, \$2.95

**57W33** Girls' frocks, like grown-ups', must be simple to be smart. That is why this bloomer frock of pin-checked sateen (cotton) depends on its plaits, shirring and white details of cotton broadcloth for trimming. In blue, rose or green. Sizes, 6 to 10, \$3.75

**57W34** Here is just the right frock for miss 8 to 14 to choose, for the shirred fulness of the skirt and buckled belt at the waistline give it the desired "older" touch. Of natural colour pongee, with touches of embroidery and lace-edged collar and cuffs, \$5.50

**57W35** A gayly patterned printed blouse of cotton suiting with youthful round collar contrasts in this two-piece costume with a plaited blue or green cotton skirt on a bodice top. Smartly finished with a narrow black leather belt. Sizes, 6 to 14, \$3.75





*Agatha Hays, Mary and Molly O'Day—three bright, alert youngsters whose days start regularly with hot oatmeal breakfasts*

## Unusual Studies of Children

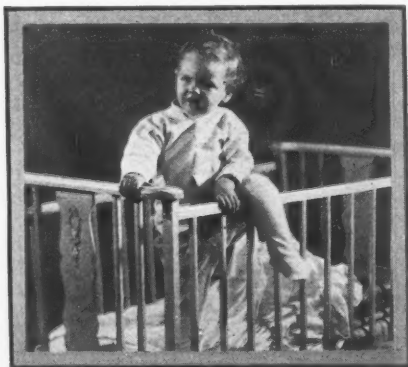
*that reveal, in the life, actual results of the "growth element" in food at breakfast*

What that element is—and how to supply it

"WATCH Your Child's Breakfast" today is, to a great extent, the most widely-urged food rule of child experts throughout the world.

To start the day right—according to world-respected scientists—the "growth" or protein element must constitute an important part of the breakfast regimen.

Children inadequately supplied with that element are usually found dull and listless. Serious effects in after life are often invited. Many home breakfasts, investigations reveal, are gravely deficient in this element.



*A healthy baby is a happy baby. Little Doris Ennis' doctor said "Quaker Oats," and it's been a regular diet with her since.*

In the first place, Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—vegetable meat, the element that builds muscle, that constitutes a "safety factor" against disease. It, according to authorities, makes good the wear and tear on human machinery.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice, 100% more than cornmeal. Consider what this means.

*16% protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness*

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in carbohydrates and minerals, and abundant in Vitamine B. 65% is carbohydrate. The roughage to lessen the need for laxatives also is importantly contained. The oat is admittedly the best balanced cereal that grows.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, according to thousands, that no other cereal known can boast.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



*Amy Hillison, a sturdy Quaker Oats lassie, who loves outdoor sports.*

### 70% of the Day's School Work Crowded into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to **WATCH YOUR CHILD'S BREAKFAST**—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.



*Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast*

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.





Volume VII  
Number II

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*

PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY

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ESTABLISHED 1921—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1921, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor; F. L. McNALLY, Managing Editor and Business Manager; MARJORIE BARROWS, Associate Editor; E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Advertising Manager; ANTHONY R. GOULD, Circulation Manager.  
TERMS: To the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; single copies 35 cents. Other foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.  
Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address.  
Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

H. B. CLOW . . . . . President  
F. L. McNALLY . . . . . Vice-President

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CHICAGO

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270 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK

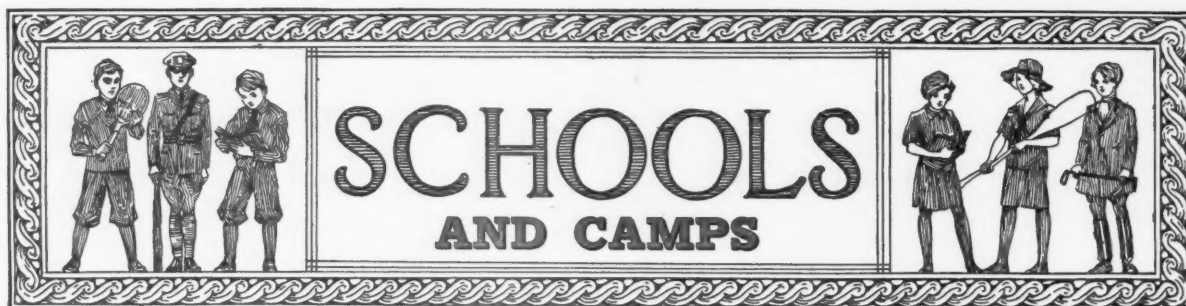


559 Mission Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

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## SCHOOLS

For Children

### "Fairy Places, Fairy Things"—



"The great day nursery best of all  
With pictures posted on the wall  
And leaves upon the blind,  
A pleasant room wherein to wake" etc.  
Give your child the inheritance of  
happy memories. Beautiful shaded  
lawns, playground, swings, sand-  
piles, etc. Specialized care and  
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Music. Dancing.

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For boys and girls from 4 to 14 years

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### For Exceptional Children

### STAMMERING

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone,  
and most of them can, but stammers in the pres-  
ence of others, it must be that in the presence of  
others he does something that interferes with  
Nature in the speech process. If then we know  
what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be  
taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is  
getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer.  
That's the philosophy of our method of cure. We  
can teach the mother how to cure her child or baby.

SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS, Tyler, Texas

## WHAT CAMP?

A good camp is built around person-  
ality and not equipment. Parents  
are becoming more alert in their selection  
of camps and believe that they should  
investigate the character of the camp  
director and those associated with him,  
with as much care as camp directors  
investigate parents and prospective  
campers. Angelo Patri recently said,  
"if you can't send your child to a good  
camp, don't send him at all." By good,  
is meant a camp that has character  
value, not simply financial value; where  
educational ideals and high moral pur-  
poses dominate; and where the spirit of  
helpfulness and not the spirit of com-  
mercialism, is the summum bonum of  
the camp's existence.

Excerpt from "Camping With A Purpose" by  
H. W. Gibson, M. H., National President  
of the Camp Directors Association.

## IS SON OR DAUGHTER GOING TO COLLEGE?

If you are eager to find a good school  
which thoroughly prepares for the best  
colleges, we shall be glad to give you  
the benefit of our knowledge of schools  
and their results in college preparation.

## OUR SERVICE

The CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education,  
by furnishing the information at its  
disposal, is aiding a great many parents  
in the selection of the right Camp or  
School for their children.

If you are undecided about a Camp or  
School to which to send your boy or  
girl, we are sure our Service will be  
helpful.

### Address

ESTHER M. AMES, Director  
CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education  
270 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.

## CAMPS

### KAMP KAIRPHREE

7th season. On Lake Charlevoix, Mich.

For 50 girls. Fee \$275. Staff of College  
women. Table supplies from our own  
camp farm. Individual attention stressed.

MRS. GEORGE R. SWAIN, Director  
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PETERSHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Where boys and girls lead a happy and interesting outdoor life.

KATHERINE E. SALKELD, R. F. D. No. 1  
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### THE GUELOFIAN CAMP

On Famous old Cape Cod  
For Mothers and Daughters

A camp unique, cheer-  
ful, homelike. Enter-  
tainment and recrea-  
tion; sports, horse-  
back riding, and  
swimming; weekly  
excursions. You and your  
daughter will appreciate our  
expert chef, and the comforts  
of modern sanitation.

Paposes, 6-12  
Juniors, 13-22  
Seniors, over 23

BOOKLET

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Three Lakes, Wis.

Midgets, 9 to 11, separate  
from main camp. Juniors  
12 to 14; Seniors, 15 to 17.  
Completely equipped; spe-  
cialists for campcraft; phy-  
sician and nurse on grounds.

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request

Dr. F. H. EWERHARDT  
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## SOLVE YOUR SCHOOL OR CAMP PROBLEM

BY WRITING TO THE  
CHILD LIFE BUREAU OF EDUCATION

ESTHER M. AMES, Director

270 Madison Avenue, New York

I am interested in School ☐ Camp ☐

Name of Parent .....

Address .....

Age of Child .....

Sex .....

Religion .....

Location preferred .....

Approximate Tuition .....

Special features: (Activities emphasized in camp; college preparatory,  
finishing, military, or junior school, etc.) .....



## MY FRIENDS

**D**EAR boys and girls of many lands,  
I give you love that understands  
The precious trust you place in me  
And I respect it loyally.  
And for your confidence I do  
Most humbly give my thanks to you.  
Instead of lace-bound words so fine  
Or sentimental valentine,  
I make this declaration of  
My faithful, understanding love  
And gratitude that has no end,  
Because you let me be your friend.

*Rose Waldo*  
Editor





$$2 \times 4 =$$

$$6 - 3 =$$



## THE VALENTINE

HELEN WING

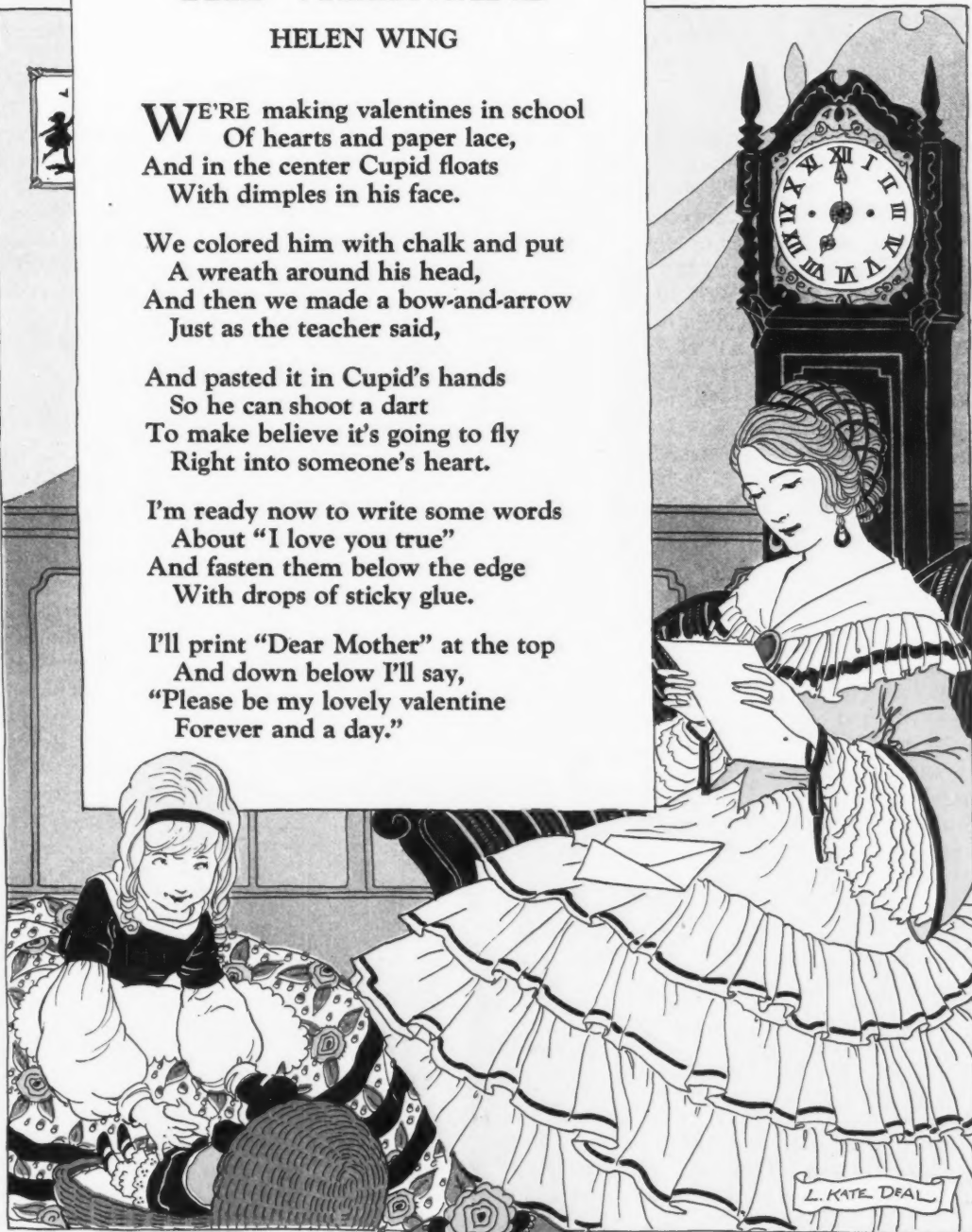
WE'RE making valentines in school  
Of hearts and paper lace,  
And in the center Cupid floats  
With dimples in his face.

We colored him with chalk and put  
A wreath around his head,  
And then we made a bow-and-arrow  
Just as the teacher said,

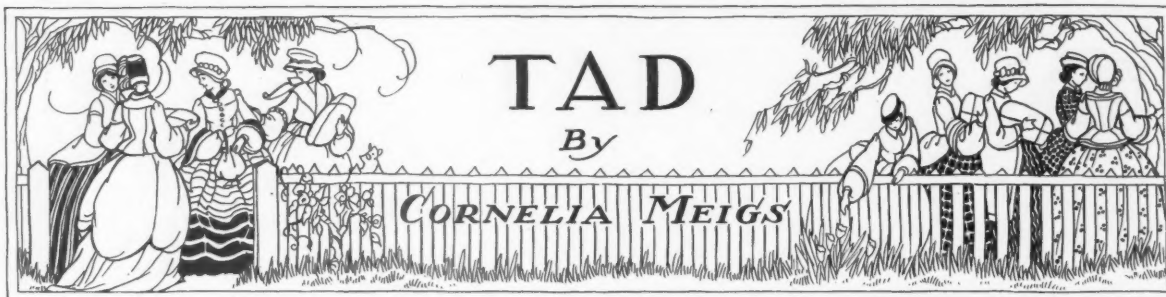
And pasted it in Cupid's hands  
So he can shoot a dart  
To make believe it's going to fly  
Right into someone's heart.

I'm ready now to write some words  
About "I love you true"  
And fasten them below the edge  
With drops of sticky glue.

I'll print "Dear Mother" at the top  
And down below I'll say,  
"Please be my lovely valentine  
Forever and a day."



L. KATE DEAL



Author of "The Trade Wind," "The Pool of Stars," "Rain on The Roof," "The Windy Hill," "Master Simon's Garden," etc.

THE long parlor, with its tall windows and high closed shutters, was cool and shady, although the dust and the sunshine lay thick and hot everywhere outside. Roger Halliday stood swinging the tassel of the heavy curtain-cord, and looking out upon the street, never quite empty of horses and great toiling army wagons, but very peaceful and quiet just now. He had been working hard for the whole of the afternoon, tying up great packages of every kind for his mother and the score of ladies who had gathered in the long, cool room to help her sew. He had every right to be idle for a little, even though his sister, Ann, who sat close beside him still stitched busily at a long blue flannel seam. The busy, chattering, hoop-skirted ladies, who had filled the room, had all gone now and only Mammy Emmeline sat in the far corner, with her big shears snipping now and again and the needle, in her dark brown fingers, going in and out of the cloth so quickly it seemed bewitched.

"I can't do any more," Ann announced suddenly, and almost in tears. "Oh, Mammy, couldn't you finish this for us?"

The old woman smiled, but shook with energy her dark head in the red handkerchief turban.

"No, Missy, grown folks must sew fo' grown folks, and chilluns fo' chilluns, now. Dese heah is war times."

Roger looked down anxiously at his sister. She was truly rather small to be sewing a pair of blue flannel breeches for her brother, cut out by Mammy Emmeline's skillfully snipping scissors, from his big brother's old uniform. He would have liked to help her, but his awkward fingers could make nothing of such a task. War times! How often he heard people say those words! They meant that the city

of Washington, where they had so lately come to live, was full of the sound of beating drums and blowing fifes, of blue-coated soldiers marching daily through the streets. They meant that his father, lately Captain and now Colonel John Halliday, was often gone for days and weeks together, coming home at any hour of the night or morning, riding up to the door, tired and mud-splashed where Sam, Mammy Emmeline's husband, would run out to take his horse and say,

"Bress de Lo'd you's safe home again!"

On account of the war times, it was part of Roger's work to carry endless messages for his father and brothers, by note, letter or word of mouth, up and down the streets of Washington, where the Civil War was going on. There were no telephone wires to carry word from one person to another; the whole messenger system of Washington depended on hundreds of pairs of stout legs, belonging to hundreds of tired but earnest, growing boys.

"You are my right-hand pair of feet," Colonel Halliday used to say to his son, and when the boy looked tired, he would add, "Don't forget we are working for Mr. Lincoln, and he is working harder than all of us."

Roger's weary, freckled face would brighten

and he would trudge away on his new errand, quite sure that he could, if need be, walk to Jericho and back for Mr. Lincoln. "It is Lincoln who steadies us all," his father would say to him again and again. "He is simple, he is true, he is the bravest man in all the armies. He is going straight toward the right and the rest of us must follow as well as we can."

Whenever Roger set off to bear a message beyond his own neighborhood, there was always hope in his





heart that he would meet Mr. Lincoln. And often he did meet the President riding with his troop of cavalry officers as escort. The soldiers were in smart blue uniforms and gold-braided caps, while Mr. Lincoln at their head looked, it must be confessed, a queer figure in a long dark coat and a high beaver hat. The black coat was often dingy-looking and the beaver hat looked rusty, but nearly everybody not in uniform was shabby in war times. The President rode awkwardly, but, as Roger had once heard a man say in the crowd, "You mighty well know there's no horse could ever throw him. Only he doesn't look much where he's going."

It was true that anyone who took note of Abraham Lincoln's eyes, as he passed along, could see that they were often very far away. Tad Lincoln, the President's youngest boy, had told Roger of the place where he and his father had lived before Lincoln became President, of the broad prairie country where the brown or green fields swept away to the horizon and of the long dusty or muddy roads upon which Lawyer Lincoln rode "on any sort of a horse," from one town to another where court was sitting and where justice was to be done. Roger, himself, had not lived long in Washington. He could not get used to the rows of houses and the shut-in streets, after having had whole acres of western countryside to play in near the barracks where his father had been in command.

Once Roger chanced to be standing on a street corner where Mr. Lincoln with his escort had halted also, and stood watching in the center of the street, while a regiment marched by. The boy looked up at those far-away gray eyes and wondered for a sudden moment whether they were seeing what he so often saw in his own memory, a great sweep of brown, grassy country cut by one single road marking a crooked water-course and with, above it, a wide autumn blue sky full of sailing clouds. There was

no such sight to be seen in war-crowded Washington.

Young Thomas Lincoln, dark-haired and small still, but showing a tendency to grow some day as long and loose-jointed as his father, was a great friend of Roger's. Tad was in command of a company of boys who drilled daily with wooden guns and such attempts at equipment as they could gather together. Roger was his first lieutenant.

They were organized to do the numberless useful tasks which fell to the lot of boys when older men were deep in other work. They did much that the Boy Scouts of the present day are doing, but they could show no such neat and trim-looking companies with khaki uniforms and well-planned outfit. They were, instead, a band in which no one member was clad like another—some being tolerably dressed and some downright ragged.

"If we only had uniforms," Tad used to sigh often, and Roger would echo his lament, but where were uniforms for boys to be got when all the blue cloth in the

country was being cut up for soldiers' coats and all the women were working from early morning to late candlelight to sew them? Little Ann Halliday, it was true, was making a uniform for her brother, under Mammy Emmeline's direction, and to-day as she sat talking beside the window, she had almost finished it. But for the other boys this was hardly possible. Their sisters would have sewed their fingers off for them, but the uniforms to cut down into small ones were not easily to be found. Most of the boys had brothers and fathers in the army, but they were too far away for any of their worn-out clothes to be used at home.

As Roger stood looking out of the long window, he heard a sudden familiar clatter of hoofs, and with a cry of "There's Tad!" he plunged down the steps and ran out to the gate. Tad it was, cantering down the street on his spotted pony which some far western admirer of the President had sent as a gift to his son.





All Washington knew that brisk little pinto, which went galloping through the streets daily, scattering the grazing cows and the sleepy dogs and carrying a gay young master about his pressing business.

Tad swung off in the dust before the door and had begun to talk before he touched the ground.

"I know at last what we can do for uniforms," he cried joyfully. "I heard my father talking to General Porter, the Quartermaster General, who sees about shoes and guns and harness and clothes for the army. The old coats are turned in to be washed and cleaned and the best ones made over to be used again. And some that can't be made over, we could use if the girls would sew them for us."

Ann by now had joined them at the gate. "I know the girls will sew them," she cried excitedly. "Mammy Emmeline can show us how." All of her weariness and discouragement of the last hour was gone in a minute, at the exciting chance of doing what the grown people did and of giving the boys what they had wanted for so long.

"My father will have to ask General Porter for an order," Tad proceeded to explain. "You see—" his confidence left him a little as he went on, with a little hesitation, "you see, my father isn't quite sure that I have a real company and that the girls will really help us. He says he must see at least one of my officers and the—the head of the Corps of Ladies who will help and—and you're them," he concluded briefly.

"But what do we have to do?" Roger asked doubtfully. As for Ann, she was in such a flutter over hearing her new title that she could not speak at all.

"You just come round to our house," Tad explained carelessly. "Come at ten to-morrow and I will take you in to talk to my father. There are always lots of generals and ministers and secretaries around in the way, but he will see us any time."

To come "round to our house" next morning,

meant going up the broad drive to the great stately White House in its circle of green lawns. It was no easy errand for Roger and Ann, even though the sentry at the gate admitted them readily, and the smiling black doorkeeper assured them, "Yas, sah, yas missus, yo' all is expected."

Tad met them in the hall and led them through the great halls of "our house" as casually as if it were the little wooden dwelling in Springfield where he had been born. He brought them finally, and after a brief joking chat with another doorkeeper, into a long room where there were indeed "a great lot of generals and secretaries and ministers" standing about. They were large and dignified and, as Ann described them later, "all covered with gold buttons." At the far end, behind a desk, a man was sitting, a man with a clean-cut rugged face and a rumple of black hair pushed back from his forehead.

"He looks tired," Roger thought as Mr. Lincoln turned to speak to them, but he saw the weariness vanish in the light of a quick warm smile. "Well, Tad?" the President said, and Tad proceeded to explain his errand in due form, introduced his First Lieutenant and the head of the Corps of Ladies in the small shy person of Ann. The President asked a few questions of Roger, and as the boy explained rather haltingly that "they wanted to be of some use," he finally smiled more broadly, took a card from his desk, wrote a few words upon it and handed it to his son.

"Take that to General Porter," he said, and as

the three were about to go, he added, "Surely your First Lieutenant and the President of the—the Ladies' Sewing Circle are not going away without shaking hands with me."

He arose to his tall, thin height, a figure which towered above them, and gave them each his great, warm friendly hand.

"Good luck to you," he said, and they were whisked away by a waiting attendant.



The two boys spent a busy day looking for General Porter, who was not in his own office, and had to be sought up and down through the different departments all full of busy, staring clerks. They found him at last in the late afternoon, a tall, bearded man in a great hurry, just striding down the broad steps of a public building and about to mount his waiting horse. Tad stepped up bravely and saluted, and handed him the President's card. As the General read, an odd twinkle came into his eyes, the same twinkle, as Roger noted, that had been in the eyes of Abraham Lincoln, as he wrote. The big soldier signed to his orderly to take away the horse, led the two boys back with him into the building he had just left, opened a desk and began asking questions as to what they needed.

"Uniforms?" he said. "Yes, there are clothes that cannot be used again for grown soldiers, thousands of them. You can have all you want. and how about belts—and canteens—? Some of them the men cannot use again, but they could be mended for boys. And gold eagles for your caps—could you use those?"

Tad's answer was a most unsoldierly squeal of delight, echoed by Roger. The General wrote out an order and gave it to a clerk.

"That will keep the young ladies busy for six months," he said, "and when the uniforms are made and you have your first grand parade in full dress, be sure to invite me to the review."

He looked once more at the President's card, seemed about to put it into his pocket, and upon second thought handed it to Roger.

"You will like to keep that, boy," he said. "It is the writing of the finest and the greatest man you or I will ever see."

Roger read the card before he dropped it into his safest pocket.

"The White House

Will General Porter please

see Tad on important military business.

A. Lincoln"

The grand parade took place in due time on the White House lawn, reviewed by Mr. Lincoln himself, by General Porter and many glittering members of the President's staff. The Corps of Ladies, a fluttering flower bed of sprigged muslin dresses, stood beside the steps and watched the boys march and drill in their brave uniforms, which they had so toilingly sewed under the able instruction of Mammy Emmeline. Afterwards they all ate plum cake in the White House parlor, and the President and the Generals complimented both the company itself and the young ladies who had stood by.

It was late afternoon when they disbanded, Tad keeping his good friends, Roger and Ann,

for a little more talk—and an extra slice of plum cake—after the other guests had left the White House.

Then they at last set off homeward down the broad drive, but stopped to wave a last good-bye in answer to Tad's gay shout of farewell. Tad's father was standing beside him in the door, where the lanterns had just been lit in the deepening dusk.

They shone upon an excited small boy and a tall figure, whom they were never to forget, a man of awkward clothes and ruffled hair, of a tired, deeply-lined face lit by a great fire within.

People for all time will learn to know the face of the great President as his photographs and portraits show it, rough-hewn, strong and always somber.

But only those who lived during his own time can remember that rare possession of Abraham Lincoln, which is gone forever, his endlessly kind and friendly smile.







## THE BOY WHO WAS THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

By JANET P. SHAW

**I**F YOU had set out to find the happiest boy in the United States in April, 1789, I'm sure you would have stopped at the home of David Oakes in Trenton, New Jersey, as soon as you came to it. David was nine years old that spring and all his nine years he had loved more than anybody, except his father and mother, of course, General George Washington, the protector of his country. In March, General Washington had been chosen the first president of the United States, and now he had promised to visit Trenton on his way to New York to be inaugurated, and David would have a chance to see him and perhaps even talk to him!

Of course, the people of Trenton had a special reason for loving General Washington, for almost everybody remembered the terrible night when he had saved the city from the British. It was Christmas night, you know, of 1776, but no one thought of Christmas presents in Trenton that year, for a thousand Hessian soldiers, hired by the British, had captured the city and were feasting in the homes of the helpless citizens. And then, when the hope of rescue was almost gone, General Washington and his little band of brave men crossed the half-frozen Delaware river in open boats, and not only saved the city but captured every one of the thousand Hessians and secured their guns and ammunition for the Americans!

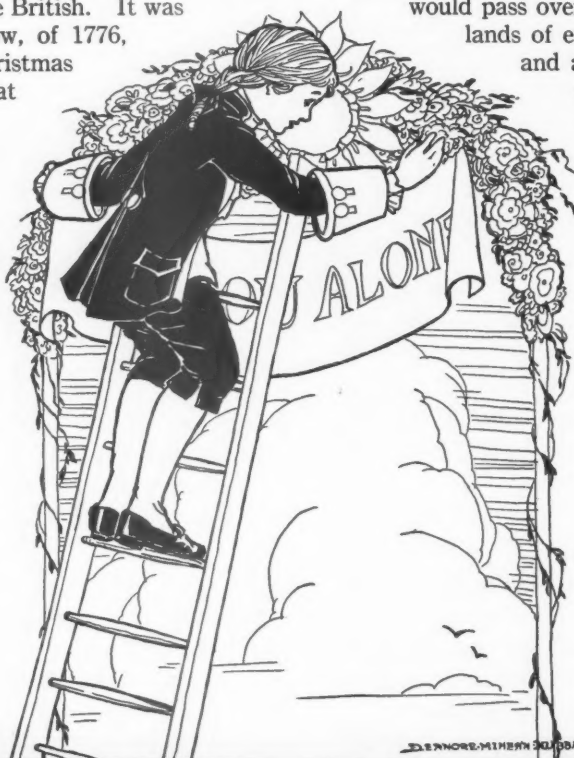
David couldn't remember all this, as he was only nine years old, but

his father and grandfather had been among the men who helped General Washington find boats, and piloted him across the river; and David had heard the story so often that sometimes it seemed to him as if he, too, had heard the ice crunching against the boats and had seen the brave figure of his dear General as he peered out through the darkness toward the city he had come to save.

And so, you see, it wasn't surprising that everybody, old and young, wanted to give General Washington a royal welcome when he came back to visit the city of Trenton twelve years later, and they made all kinds of beautiful plans to do him honor. They arranged that he should cross the Delaware River at almost the same place he had chosen on that bitter, cold Christmas night. But, this time, he would pass over a bridge covered with garlands of evergreen and spring flowers, and at the center, he would rest

under a beautiful arch, while thirteen girls representing the thirteen states gathered around him and flower girls scattered blossoms at his feet. And, best of all, the governor of the state had promised to write a song of welcome for the girls to sing.

David was as happy as a boy could well be to have his dear General honored in this way, but sometimes he wondered, down deep in his heart, whether those pretty girls knew what an honor it was to be chosen to represent a state. You see David loved his country and the men who had



fought for it so dearly that, if he had been asked to be the smallest of the states, or even a territory, he would have been as proud as a king. But, of course, he didn't say anything about this to other people but went around helping as much as he could.

And you may be sure there was plenty of work for everybody to do. The fife and drum crops, to which David belonged, was learning a new piece to play in the parade and, of course, that meant hours and hours of practice to get it just right. It had been composed that very year in honor of General Washington and was called the "President's March." Later it was named "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land," the same song that so many boys and girls play and sing to-day.

Then, when he was through practicing the march, he went out into the woods with the other boys and brought back loads and loads of spicy evergreen and lovely pink and white mountain laurel to decorate the bridge. And after that he helped to weave garlands of red, white, and blue flowers and even made a few gay yellow sunflowers with thirteen petals to represent the thirteen states.

And because David was such a good workman for a boy of his size, the men who were building the arch on the bridge often asked him to climb up the ladder and fasten the garlands on the higher parts where a man could not go safely.

And that's how it happened that, when the finishing touches were being added and the whole bridge looked like a great fragrant Christmas tree and a giant's flowery bouquet all mixed together, it was David who was asked to climb to the very top of the arch and fasten there the largest sunflower of all, and to place it below the words, "To You Alone," to tell General Washington how much the whole country loved him! And David thought that was almost as much honor as being asked to represent one of the states.

Of course, David was pretty tired when his work on the arch was finished, but his grandfather, who had helped General Washington save Trenton from the Hessians, lived out in the country, a few miles away, and David knew that he would like to hear what was happening in the city at this time. So, when the last petal of the big sunflower was fastened in place and every word of the motto was nailed just

straight, and everybody had said how beautiful everything was, he hurried home to tell his mother that he was going out to his grandfather's to spend the night. And soon he was galloping along happily on his pony, Jersey, Jr., and whistling "Hail, Columbia" with all his might.

It was only a short distance from Trenton to the Oakes farm, and so David and Jersey soon turned down a pretty country road and caught sight of the big, old-fashioned farmhouse almost buried under the snowy mounds of blossoming fruit trees.

There a surprise awaited David. He had expected to find the dear old homestead blinking its little, bluish glass windows sleepily in the late sunshine and almost nodding its drowsy head as it waited for night to come. But, instead, all was hustle and bustle. Servants in red and cream-colored livery hurried about and a great cream-colored traveling coach almost blocked the road.

"Why, I believe—I believe—" said David to himself, "that Grandfather said that General Washington has a coach like that—and that his servants wear red and white livery." And, sure enough, when David passed

around the side of the coach, he discovered a small shield on the door with red and white stripes below and one star above—the coat of arms which suggested to General Washington the pattern for our own dear national flag.

"General Washington—visiting Grandfather!" exclaimed David, and was about to slip around the house and ask old Betty what it all meant, when his grandfather caught sight of him and called out, "David, lad, come and meet our first American president. He has done us the honor to stop overnight at our home. And, General Washington," he added proudly, "allow me to present my grandson, David Oakes, the third of that name to serve your honor, I trust."

"If, like his father and grandfather, young David Oakes has a heart as staunch as his name, I am glad to know him," answered the General kindly. And, when he saw that David didn't know just what to say in answer to such compliments, he drew him to a chair beside his own and said, "Tell me, Master David, all about this reception you Trenton people



are so kindly planning for me."

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered David, forgetting his shyness entirely. "Trenton is so grateful to your Excellency that she is doing her best to show how much she loves you." And then he told the General about the beautiful bridge, and the arch, and the girls who were to represent the states, and all the rest.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," answered General Washington, when he had finished, "this is too much honor for an old soldier, who did nothing more than his duty. I wish my poor men who endured so many hardships could be here to share it. But tell me, David," he added, "why weren't you boys asked to represent some of the states?"

"Well," answered David, wondering how General Washington had discovered the secret which he had hidden so carefully from everybody, "you know the girls look pretty dressed up in white clothes—and then, of course, there were only thirteen states."

"I see." The General smiled. "Not enough to go round. I suppose we can't expect to have enough states to provide one for each boy and girl to represent. But it won't be long until there are more than thirteen. They seem to be springing up almost over night. Kentucky, Vermont and Tennessee are almost ready to come into the Union as states. And don't forget the great new principality we own in the country between the Mississippi and Ohio rivers and the Great Lakes, which is called at present the North-west Territory. It is at least two-thirds as large as the original thirteen colonies and can easily be divided into five or six great states. More

than that, it is a fertile country covered by great forests and crossed by deep rivers."

"Are there lions and tigers and wild Indians there?" inquired David, his eyes shining.

"No jungle beasts, I hope," said General Washington, "but plenty of bears and wolves and wild cats, and enough deer to provide venison for the rest of the country—and too many Indians for the comfort of the settlers, I'm sorry to say. But it's also a land of brave hunters and sturdy pioneers like my friends, Daniel Boone and General George Rogers Clarke, and many other heroes. And, come to think of it, it was a little drummer boy not much older than you who helped our little band of soldiers to take Fort Sackville (Vincennes, Indiana), the key to this country, in 1779. Would you like to hear that story?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," cried David eagerly, for, of course, he liked to hear stories better than anything else.

"It was in February, you know," continued General Washington, "and the men were hungry and cold and wet through by the streams they had been forced to cross. And when they reached a broad river and the water came almost up to their shoulders, no one wanted to ford it. But General Clarke placed a brave little drummer boy on the shoulders of a tall sergeant and bade them lead the way. The sergeant plunged into the river and the drummer boy struck

up such a merry tune that the weary men began to laugh at him and gaily marched into theicywaters. Two days later that little band of one hundred and seventy men captured six hundred English troops in

(Continued on page 112)





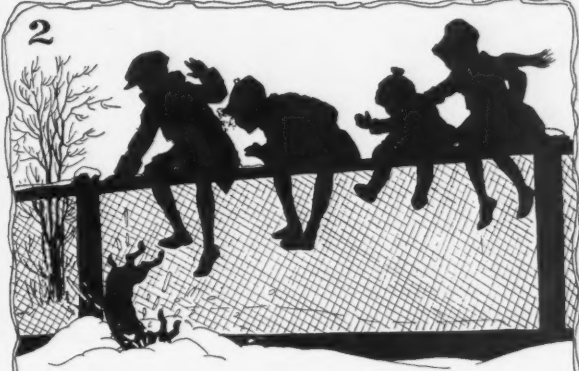


# CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



1  
Mother had said, "No thank you," to Grandma, when she invited Chip and his chums over for Washington's birthday. So now they dangled their legs from the fence and wondered why.



2  
"When George Washington was a boy he wanted to go into the navy, but he didn't fuss when his mother wished him to stay at home!" said Dick, so suddenly that Chip somersaulted off the fence.



3  
Ted had no sooner dug the pup out of the soft snow than Dick pushed him in. "S'no fun!" he laughed, ducking behind the snow hut with Bab, his army. And then how the snowball battle raged!



4  
After that Betsy Ann dressed them all up in some Colonial costumes she had found in the attic, and when Mother called them to lunch, they tiptoed down the hall to surprise her.



5  
But she wasn't the only one who was astonished, as they opened the door, for around the candle-lit table, all decked up with cherries and cocked hats and hatchets, were all their best friends shouting, "Surprise Party!"



## INTRODUCING

JIGGERS, the king's fool, dressed as you see him in his picture.  
MADAM SNAP, the fairy dressmaker, who creates chic costumes for fastidious fairies. She wears an apron and a pincushion, and is always sewing.

SNIP, her bored husband and the king's very private secretary. We've met him before and he's still wearing watches strapped and pinned all over him and a rhyming dictionary under his arm.

FAIRIES, as many as you want, dressed in pale green or silvery white.

TWINKEM, the fat fairy king, himself. His crown is still tipsy, his eyebrows are still black and jiggly, and his purple cape is just as grand as ever.

TWINK, SQUINK, AND BLINK, the same old twinklets in giddy suits, who hop whenever they echo the king.

JOAN, a little girl.

WHAT WE SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: An edge of a fairy wood. It is Valentine Eve and red and gold hearts are blossoming on the Valentine Tree, (an artificial Christmas tree or bush) at the left, and on the bushes in front of the screen at the right. Two stools or tree stumps are to be found on the soft green ground for anyone who wants to sit on them.

No one is around when the curtain goes up, though you can hear the fairies singing in the distance. Jiggers' head pops out from behind the screen at the right but pops back again when the fairies come dancing in at the left.

FAIRIES (*singing to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland," and dancing joyously around the wood*):

O, come ye fairies, dance and sing,

Near the Tree of Valentines,

Dance and prance, while bluebells ring  
By the Tree of Valentines;

Hearts that catch a rainbow gleam

Sunset rose and gold will seem  
Twinkling in a fairy dream  
On the Tree of Valentines!

[The FAIRIES dance off at the left again, and presently JIGGERS creeps stealthily out, on all fours, from behind the screen at the right. He stops every now and then, holding a hand to his ear, and then begins searching the ground very excitedly.]

JIGGERS: The silver penny! The silver penny! It must be here. It must be. I heard it tinkle as it fell. Ah, here it is. The silver penny . . . the silver penny . . .

[He darts forward, clutches a silvery coin in his hand, holds it up before him and laughs softly. Then he creeps back behind the screen again, muttering to himself. He hasn't been gone long before MADAM SNAP appears at the left, sewing some tinsel on a white cheesecloth scarf, as she walks.]

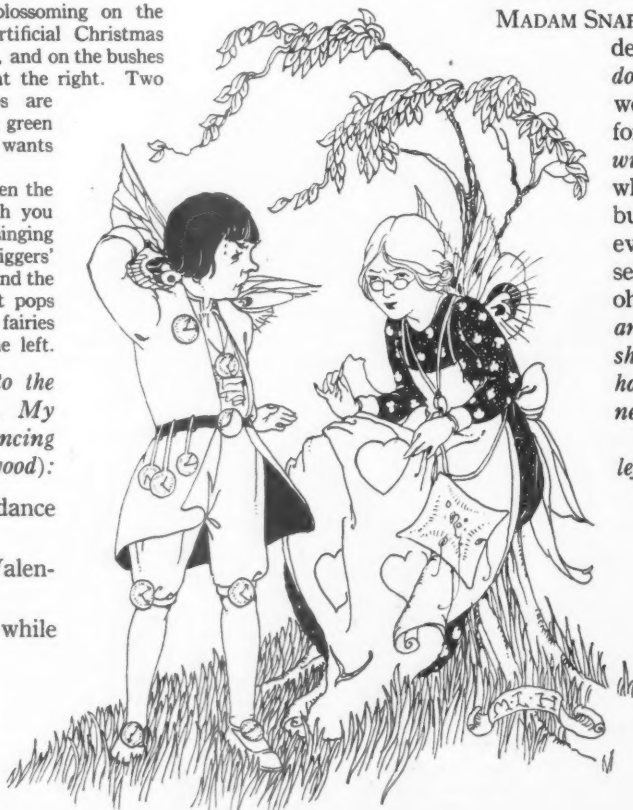
MADAM SNAP: Oh, dear, ohdearohdearohdear! O-h-d-e-a-r-! [She sits down, still sewing.] It's all very well to have heartistic costumes for the valentine ball. Fairies will be fairies, I know. But what about me? Beeswings and butterflies! I have to make every single one of them, myself. Oh, de-ar, ohdearohdearohdear-o! [She pricks her finger and puts it in her mouth. Then she blows on a whistle that is hanging from a cord around her neck.]

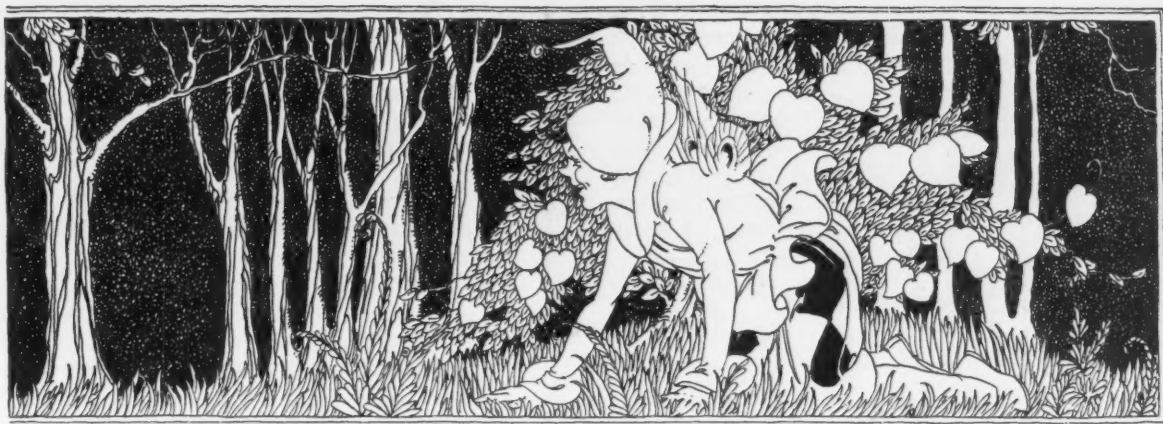
SNIP (*sauntering in from the left, yawning*): Yes, my love?

MADAM SNAP (*sewing as fast as she can*): Snip, what time is it?

SNIP (*peering first at one watch and then at another*): Seventy-three, no, sixty-nine, no, fifty-five, no, ninety-one blinks to sunset, my dear.

MADAM SNAP: Toadstools and tinklebells! Why don't you wind your





watches? Here I am, Madam Snap, the fairy dress-maker who creates chic costumes for fastidious fairies—here I am sewing and sewing and sewing on all these heartistic gowns for the valentine ball, while *you*, my husband and the king's very private secretary, can't even give me the right time. Do you call that kind? Do you call that helpful? Do you—

SNIP (*searching on the ground for something*): There, there, my love. Calm yourself. I have to write heartistic songs for the ball—don't I?—if there's going to be any valentine ball.

MADAM SNAP (*dropping her jaw and her sewing*): Going to be any! Why, what do you mean?

SNIP (*still searching on the ground*): Just what I say. If they can't find a Queen of Hearts there won't be any valentine ball to-night.

MADAM SNAP: But Princess Pussy-willow—she's beautiful and brave and loving. And she can compose a heartistic poem! Why won't she be chosen Queen of Hearts?

SNIP (*scratching his left wing*): Haven't you heard? She's gone off to visit King Twinkem's mother-in-law. And she won't be back here in time.

MADAM SNAP: Don't scratch your wing, Snip. It's not polite. Well, with the silver penny you and King Twinkem can summon another Queen of Hearts, can't you?

SNIP: Ye-es, if we can find the silver penny!

MADAM SNAP: Snip! You haven't—you haven't lost it?

SNIP (*nodding in a bored fashion*): I suppose so. It must have slipped from my pocket. I only hope Jiggers won't find it.

MADAM SNAP (*joining the search*): If that foolish Jiggers finds it, he'll do something dreadfully silly with it—and then there won't be a valentine ball to-night. Have you looked in our shop for it? Don't scratch your wing!

[*They go out at the left, and distant fairy music is heard. Perhaps a fairy phonograph is playing Schubert's "Moment Musical."* After a moment, JIGGERS creeps out from the screen, tossing the silver penny up in the air and catching it again. He chuckles then and dances and turns a somersault if he feels like it.]

JIGGERS (*to a little homemade, sing-song tune*):  
Jiggers found  
The silver penny;  
Other fairies  
Haven't any.

Now that they are  
Through with it,  
What shall Jiggers  
Do with it?  
WHAT SHALL JIGGERS  
DO WITH IT?  
What..shall..Jiggers..  
Do...  
With...  
It...

[*He throws himself down on the ground, tossing the penny from one hand to the other.*]

Shall he wish for  
Bluebell tarts?  
No, he'll try a  
Queen of Hearts!

[*He holds the penny up to his left eye.*]

Queen of Hearts!  
Queen—  
Of—  
Hearts—

[*JOAN enters from the right, walking wonderingly, as though she were in a dream.*]

JOAN (*sitting down and looking dreamily*







about her): First I came through the windless wood and over the brook that whispers. And now I am here—and I feel so fairy-landish. It must be a dream.

JIGGERS: Fairy-landish! Ho! Ho! Ho! Of course you do!

JOAN (*whirling around and seeing him for the first time*): Why, who—?

JIGGERS (*kicking his heels together as he rolls on the ground, laughing*): HO! HO! HO! This is a fairy wood. I'm Jiggers, the king's fairy fool. And you—

JOAN: I'm just Joan.

JIGGERS: Well, now you're going to be the Queen of Hearts at the fairies' valentine ball. How'll you like that? Here, put this silver penny in your pocket—that way. [*He hands her the coin.*]

JOAN (*dreamily*): The—Queen—of—Hearts—I'd love that. I'd—love— [*She closes her eyes.*]

JIGGERS: They'll find her when she wakes up. But they won't know she's got the silver penny in her pocket *upside down*! Oh, what a joke! Ho! Ho! Ho! [*He prances out at the right, laughing.*]

[*The FAIRIES enter at the left and start to join hands for a dance. Then they discover JOAN, and draw back.*]

FIRST FAIRY: Look! A little girl!

SECOND FAIRY: She looks brave and beautiful!

THIRD FAIRY: And kind!

FIRST FAIRY: Perhaps she'll be our Queen of Hearts.

ALL: Our Queen of Hearts!

[*They join hands and dance, singing the same fairy song that we heard them sing before. Towards the end, JOAN wakes up and watches them.*]

FIRST FAIRY: She's awake now. See?

SECOND FAIRY: Sh! Here comes King Twinkem and his twinklets!

THIRD FAIRY: And Snip and Snap.

[*Sure enough, the KING, his twinklets and SNIP and SNAP are now coming in at the left.*]

KING TWINKEM: And you can't find the silver penny, Snip? How careless of you! Oh, dear me!

TWINK: Oh—

SQUINK: Dear—

BLINK: Me!

KING TWINKEM: The Twinkems never lose their silver pennies. They're always careful. [*He catches sight of JOAN.*] Hello! What's all that?

TWINK: What's—

SQUINK: All—

BLINK: That?

SNIP (*scratching his wing and yawning*): The creature seems to be a little girl, Your Majesty.

MADAM SNAP (*frowning, and pulling SNIP's arm*): Oh, Your Majesty, won't she do for the Queen of Hearts?

KING TWINKEM: She might. But it's all most irregular. The Twinkems *never* have little girls in their woods. Let's investigate.

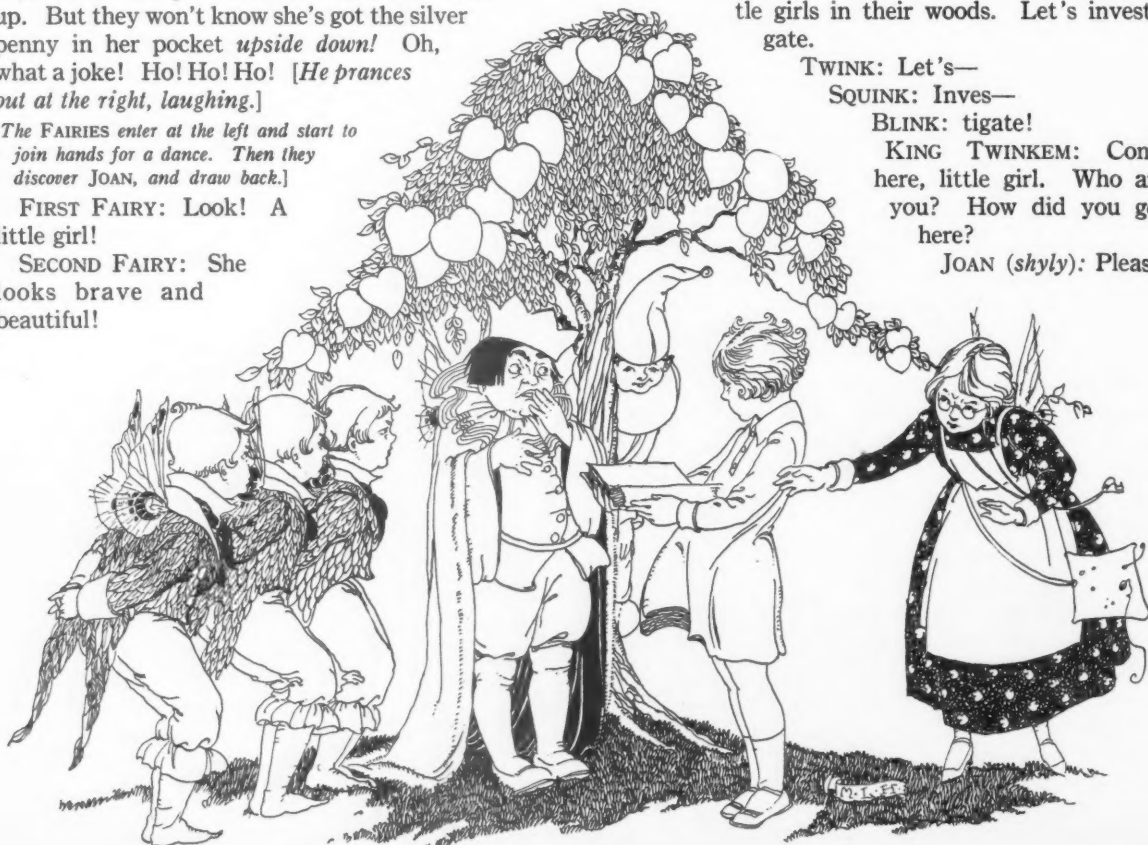
TWINK: Let's—

SQUINK: Inves—

BLINK: tigate!

KING TWINKEM: Come here, little girl. Who are you? How did you get here?

JOAN (*shyly*): Please,



Your Majesty, I'm Joan. I got lost in a windless wood while chasing a wild dog away from some little bunnies.

FIRST FAIRY: She's beautiful.

SECOND FAIRY: She's brave.

THIRD FAIRY: She's kind.

SNIP (*pulling the KING's sleeve and whispering loudly in his ear*): Why don't you ask her to make up a valentine rhyme? She must do that, you know, if she's to be Queen of Hearts.

KING TWINKEM: Stop tickling my ear!

MADAM SNAP: She must be Queen of Hearts, Your Majesty. We can't have all my heartistic costumes go to waste.

KING TWINKEM: Oh, well then— See here, little girl, we'll make you our Queen of Hearts to-night, before you go home, if you can make up a nice valentine about me. Think you can?

TWINK: Think—

SQUINK: You—

BLINK: Can?

SNIP (*handing her a book*): This rhyming dictionary ought to help you.

JOAN (*looking through the book*): My thoughts feel tangled, but I'll try. [*They all stand waiting. JIGGERS' grinning face pops out from behind the screen to show he's waiting, too.*] How's this?

Twinkem, be my valentine,  
Fat old pumpkin, please  
be mine!

FAIRIES (*hiding their smiles*): Goodness!

SNIP AND SNAP:  
Gracious!

KING TWINKEM: That—a  
valentine? Girl,

how dare you? Most  
insulting!

TWINK: Most—

SQUINK: In—

BLINK: sulting!

JOAN: The words  
don't seem to come  
right. I'll try again.  
Twinkem, you're a  
scarecrow king;  
Be my valentine, old  
thing!

ALL: Terrible!  
Dreadful!

THIRD FAIRY: She  
won't do.

JOAN: How's  
this?

Twinkem, hear  
me 'ere we part,

To you I'll *never* give my heart!

ALL: Chase her away!

JOAN (*hopefully*): How's this?

The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Butter's fat and so are you!

KING TWINKEM (*taking a tape measure out of his pocket and measuring his waist-line*): I'm not. Put her out!

ALL: Put her out!

JIGGERS: Ho! Ho! Ho! Put her out!

THIRD FAIRY: Jiggers! I'm sure he's  
had something to do with this!

SECOND FAIRY: It's one of his jokes.

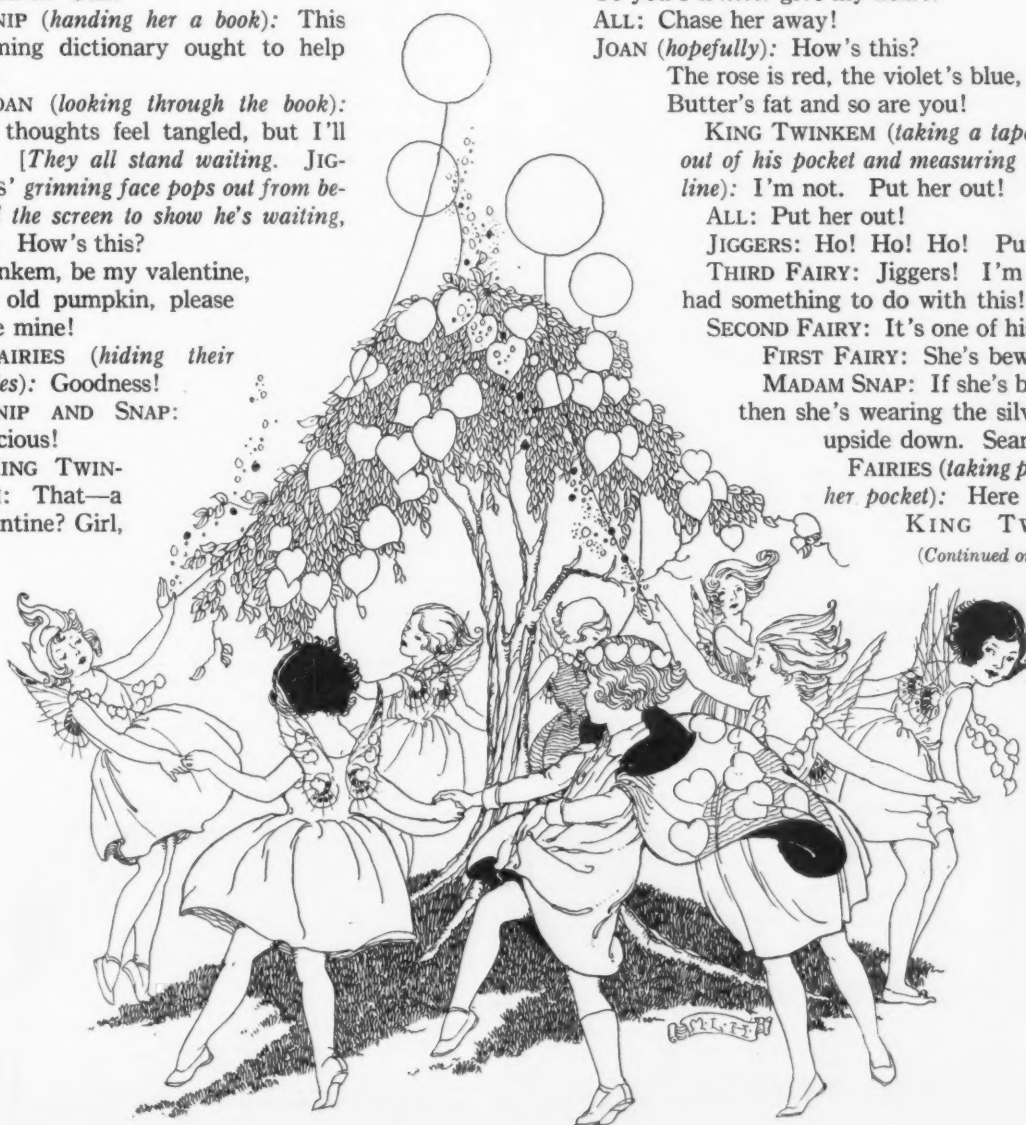
FIRST FAIRY: She's bewitched!

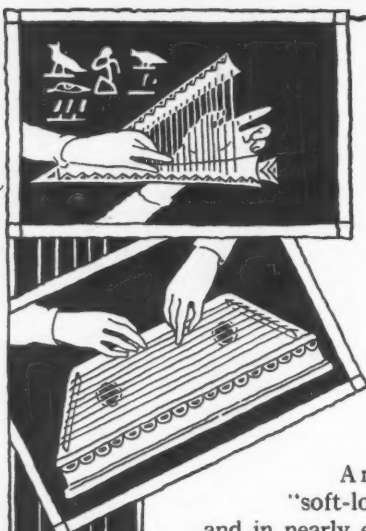
MADAM SNAP: If she's bewitched,  
then she's wearing the silver penny  
upside down. Search her!

FAIRIES (*taking penny from her pocket*): Here it is!

KING TWINKEM:

(Continued on page 116)





## THE STORY OF YOUR PIANO

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL.B.

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago; Ex-President of the Society of American Musicians*

**A**LMOST Every home in America owns a "soft-loud" instrument, and in nearly every family there is someone who plays it. In spite of its old and peculiar name this "soft-loud harp with hammers" is the most popular by far of all musical instruments. More people play it, more teachers teach it, and more music is written for it than for all other musical instruments put together. People soon grow weary of using long names for everyday things. For a while when the movies were new they were always spoken of as moving or motion pictures, but now we all say *the movies*. So with the *piano-forte*—two Italian words meaning *soft-loud*—for to-day most people call it the *piano*—which should be a hint to all key-pounders to play *piano* (soft).

There are a million boys and girls in America who are learning to play this most popular of all musical instruments, and there are many thousand who would like to know the story of the instrument they are studying—something about the parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins of that beautiful *wing-shaped harp with hammers and keys*, which is the musical magnet and center

of hundreds of thousands of homes.

You will recall what I have told you in my story of the orchestra—that all instruments may be divided into general groups and classified according to the way their sound is produced. First, then, come the instruments which are struck (percussion instruments), drums, cymbals, gongs, etc., and even the piano, as we shall see. Next comes the wind division—horns, flutes, clarinets and others. Then there is the string family—strings *played with a bow* (and also plucked) such as the violin (double-bass, viola, etc.), and strings *plucked*, as in the playing of the harp. Now our piano has strings, so it belongs to the string group; it has hammers which *strike* the tightly-stretched wires, and, therefore, it is a percussion instrument.

In the Bible there are many references to a musical instrument called the psaltery. It is a hollow, shallow box over which strings were stretched to be plucked by the fingers, or by a plectrum (a small piece of shell or metal such as mandolin players still use to twang the strings). The psaltery is so old that no one knows just where it came from. Perhaps you have read in old legends about the Greek god of art and music—Apollo—finding the shell of a tortoise with the dried sinews still clinging to it, and when Apollo plucked these strings, sound came forth and so was born the first psaltery. When you go to the beautiful cathedral in Lincoln, England, you will see a wood carving of an angel plucking a psaltery as it lies on his lap.





And next came the dulcimer, also a stringed instrument. It also was a shallow wooden box with strings stretched across the open upper-side but played very differently from the psaltery, since the player held a small (but soft-ended mallet in each hand, striking the strings with these to produce the sound.

The gypsy musicians of Hungary still use a large-sized dulcimer in their bands and orchestras but they call it the zimbalorn (cymbal) probably because the resonance of its tones reminded its early makers of the sound of bell chimes.

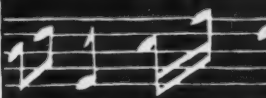
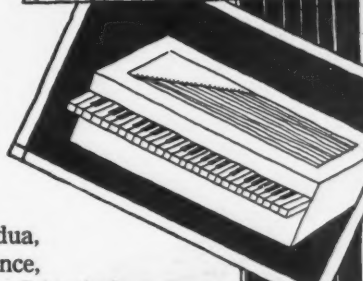
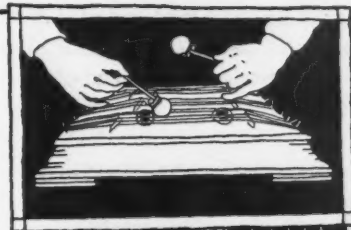
Crude keys and keyboards are very ancient, going clear back to the birth of Christ, but keys to work hammers were not applied to stringed instruments until two hundred years before America was discovered (and you know when that was, I'm sure). The first stringed instrument with keyboard was the *clavichord*. (The name tells the story, for *clavis* means key and *chord* means string, so there you have it.) The piano you have in your home to-day is a combination of the instruments and mechanical strikers I have told you of. The passing of centuries brought the clavichord, the spinet, the virginal, the harpsichord, and, finally, the early piano.

Sometime I want to tell you the full story of each of these *musical relations* of our piano, for one of them—the harpsichord—has come to life again.

Such concert artists as Wanda Landowska and the two American players, Manuel and Williamson, are using these lovely instruments in playing the compositions of Bach, Handel, Couperin, Rameau, and other seventeenth and eighteenth century composers, and every one who hears them says, "I never knew that the harpsichord was such a beautiful instrument." No wonder the notes of "slender harpsichords with tapping, twinkling quills" charmed little Miss Martha Custis, who later was Mrs. George Washington, and whose own harpsichord you may still see in her home at Mt. Vernon!

But our first real *piano* came from Italy, the same land that gave us the opera, the oratorio and the orchestra. In 1709—when America was a group of colonies—an Italian harpsichord-maker, born in Padua, but living in Florence, whose name was Cristofori, exhibited four new instruments which he called by the long title of *gravicembalico piano e forte*, which means, "a heavy (or large) cembal (dulcimer), with soft and loud (tones)." Picture in your imagination Cristofori's shop in Florence on that birthday of the first piano. His work-rooms were crowded with courtiers in satin and velvet, with representatives of the magnificent court of the Medici, for one of whose dukes Cristofori worked. Cristofori himself is probably in a workman's cap and apron, all excited over his new keyed-dulcimer which could be played loud or soft. And well he may be excited, for his *loud-soft* instrument with keys which moved the hammers, marked the beginning of the end of many popular stringed instruments of the day, and was the forerunner of the great industry of piano-making, as well as of the glorious art of piano playing.

In the Metropolitan Museum in New York you may see a genuine Cristofori pianoforte. It looks quite a bit like our Grand Pianos, for it is wing-shaped, and really is a harp laid horizontally, and supported by three legs. On what



would be the broad end of the harp a keyboard, five octaves long, is attached. But after the first enthusiasm for the "loud-soft," or the "soft-loud" instrument (as it was originally called) died down, Cristofori had his troubles, as every inventor has to this day. The Florentine musicians found the key movement too hard and the tone too dull, and then began years of study and invention which were necessary to bring the piano to the mechanical and musical perfection we find in the instruments in our home. Italian, French, German and English instrument makers helped greatly with their improvements to make our modern pianos what they are. Pedals, sustaining or softening the tones, were among the chief inventions. At first pianos were made in the long, narrow pattern of a wing, next in the shorter, broader form of our present grand pianos, while at the same time the Square Piano was made. The Square Piano was shaped like a large, oblong box, and held sounding-board, strings, and hammers, with a keyboard fitted in one of the long sides. I can remember when Square-Grand Pianos, as they were frequently called, were still easily found here in America. We can be proud of our native inventors and mechanical experts when we look at our American pianos, for American pianos are the best in the world. During the last century American piano builders have brought out an entirely new shaped piano—the Upright Piano—and at the same time perfected the modern Grand Piano. Almost every home now owns a piano, and most of them own an Upright Piano. The name "Upright" is given to this shape of "keyed-harp" because its sounding-board and strings stand *upright*. The Upright is popular because it takes up less space than a Grand, and to-day is made about as perfectly as a Grand Piano.

The story of your piano is still more interesting when you realize that it takes the whole world to supply the materials which go into its make-up.

From the dark jungles of Central America comes the mahogany wood used in its case, from India and Africa the ivory and ebony for its keys; our own great forests supply the silver-grained spruce used in the thick but very sensitive sounding-boards. The best steel and copper wire is drawn in our mammoth steel and wire mills, and special factories here in the United States make the wool-felt used in all piano-hammers.

Ask your father to take you through a piano factory. It is one of the most fascinating and helpful of experiences. In the days of Cristofori, and for many, many years after, every part of a musical instrument was made by hand. Yes, they were well made and very beautifully carved and ornamented, but only a few could be made in a year

and so the price was high and only the wealthy people could have them. To-day all is different, as your father will tell you. To-day pianos are made carefully and well, but they are made largely by machinery, not wholly, but in great part. Hundreds of thousands are turned out each year, and so every home can afford to own one. As for myself, I cannot imagine an American home without either an Upright or a Grand Piano, for this harmonizing instrument is better than a roaring grate fire to bring Mother, Father and the family into a happy, singing-circle. Even in the homes of great concert-pianists like Paderewski the piano is used for folk songs and dances and at his home everyone joins in the dear songs of his Polish homeland, just as everyone draws together in your home and mine when we play and sing our splendid American songs.

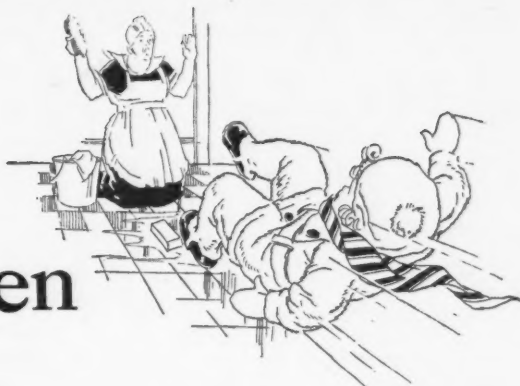
Love your piano! Take care of it! Have it tuned and looked over two or three times each year if you expect its tones to be pleasant. How would you like to be scolded or slighted for having a hard, rasping voice, if at the time you had a severe cold? I am sure you would say, "Just let me get over this, and get tuned up; I'll show you that I have as pleasant a voice as the best of them."

So have mercy on your piano and treat it as you wish to be treated, for it will give you joy and, if you practice Bach and the other great composers with all your mind and heart, the piano may give you a very good living also. It certainly has given actual wealth to such musical artists as Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Hoffman, Godowski and to many others. These men put intelligent thought into the *playing* of this greatest of all musical instruments, just as Cristofori and all the noted piano makers that came after him, put intelligence and industry into the making of the instrument itself.

Now those of you who are taking piano lessons, sit down right now on the bench before your piano, and please pretend I am there, too. Play your favorite piece, and as you *sing with your fingers*—as every student must learn to do—think of what Cristofori of Florence would say if he could only hear your piano. He would probably say, "My American friend, that is the most wonderful keyed-string instrument in the world. I never dreamed that my dainty, decorated *soft-loud* invention would ever *sing* as beautifully as its great-grandchild *sings* in 1928. Thank you for playing."

As Cristofori thanked you, so do I, for I too love to hear children play the piano, especially when they love their music and play intelligently.

# PEGGY'S slide in the kitchen



Peggy—after her slide  
in the kitchen

PEGGY came rushing into the kitchen from out-of-doors, with her leggings and woolly green suit all wet with muddy snow. She opened the door with a shout—"Oh, Della! I've been sled—"

But before Peggy finished, she slipped and slid over the kitchen floor and landed all in a heap. And there sat Della, the cook, scrubbing away for dear life.

"Goodness, what happened?" exclaimed Peggy, sitting up—not hurt a bit.

Della laughed and pointed to a cake of soap on the floor. "You slipped on my Fels-Naptha Soap", she explained, "and you've surely messed my floor!"

"I really didn't mean to," said Peggy—and Della laughed again.

"Of course you didn't. Now take off your leggings and suit, and after I finish cleanin' the floor, I'll give 'em a turn in the tub with the very same kind of soap. A bit of Fels-Naptha will make 'em just as pretty as you please, and you can dress up in them tomorrow and do your slidin'—outdoors!"

© 1928, Fels & Co.

## FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR  
WITH THE  
CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Fels-Naptha Soap brings extra help to washing—good soap and plenty of naptha, working together. The naptha loosens even stubborn dirt—the soapy suds wash it away. Fels-Naptha works in washing-machine or tub—in cool, lukewarm, or hot water. And it's gentle to your hands! Next wash-day, let Fels-Naptha do the hard rubbing.

Wash woolen suits and leggings—this way: Make a good, rich suds with Fels-Naptha Soap, adding cold water until the suds are lukewarm or cool. Squeeze the soapy water gently through and through the garment and rinse well in water of the same temperature. Do not wring or twist. Lay on a clean towel to dry, in a warm place, shaping each garment into its original form. Order Fels-Naptha from your grocer.



Paste this page on a piece of cardboard, and cut out Peggy. Then cut out Peggy's suit and leggings, as they looked after Della washed them with Fels-Naptha soap





# RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES

by Rebecca McCann



## LITTLE CLAIRE SWEET

THERE was a little girl  
And her name was Claire Sweet.  
She never would look  
Before crossing the street.

She leaped from the curbstone,  
Did heedless young Claire,  
Just missing large trucks  
By the width of a hair.

Said the traffic policeman,  
"You really must look,"  
And he frowned very hard  
And his finger he shook.

But careless young Claire  
Hopped right off the next corner  
In spite of the horns  
That were honking to warn her.

Cars came from the left  
And cars came from the right  
And for once in her life  
Foolish Claire had a fright.

A horse who was going  
As fast as he could  
Galloped straight toward the spot  
Where frightened Claire stood.

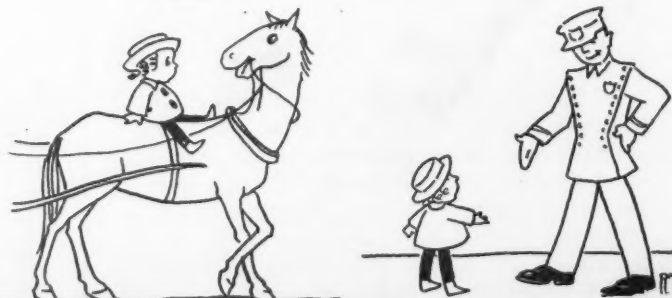
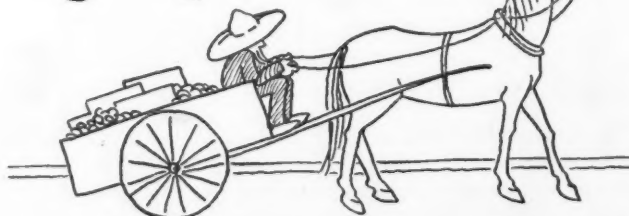
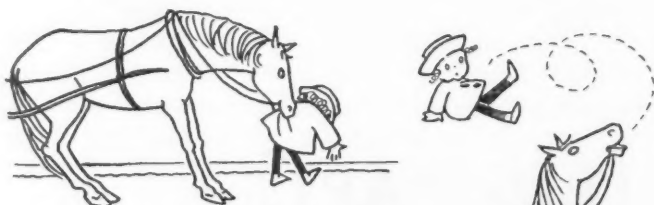
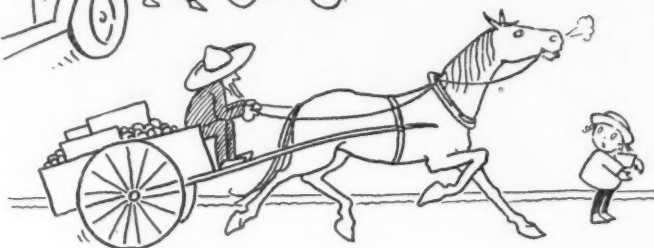
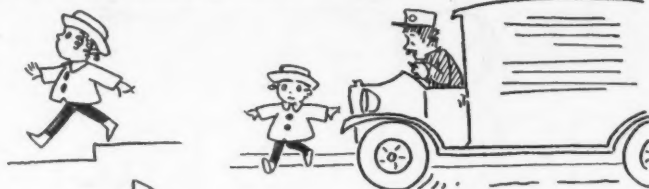
But he suddenly halted,  
Stock still in his track,  
And lifting Claire up  
Tossed her right on his back.

Then he gave a horse laugh  
And he said, "You're in luck  
That I was a horse  
Instead of a truck."

Claire sat on his back  
In the middle of town  
Till the traffic policeman  
Could help her get down.

She thanked the kind horse  
Who said, "Not in the least."  
(The horse is a noble,  
Intelligent beast.)

She thanked the policeman  
Who patted her head.  
"After this I will look  
Before crossing," she said.





When a little girl needs  
her mother most

To help you guide her—  
these new, simple plans at home  
and at school

**I**N the years between 8 and 12, a new set of influences begins to shape a child's character and habits.

What questions she asks! It is a period that calls for wise handling.

It is during this period, too, that mothers most often have cause to worry about the child's eating habits—particularly breakfast.

So widespread are bad break-

at these ages that school authorities have started a nation-wide movement to help you—to enlist your child's interest in carrying out the better breakfast program.

In over 60,000 schoolrooms today this slogan is displayed on the walls:

*"Every boy and girl needs  
a hot cereal breakfast"*

You, of course, know from your own experience that when your child goes off to school with a good *hot* cereal like Cream of Wheat, it's prepared to

mothers and health authorities have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal *hot* cereal for children are these:

1. It supplies an abundance of energy.
2. Cream of Wheat is so quickly digested.
3. Children love its creamy richness.

This little precaution which means so much to your children's future—begin now. The simple plan described below will help you guide them at the breakfast table. Start them off to school every morning ready for a good day's work. No doubt there is a package of Cream of Wheat in your pantry now. If not, your children will be disappointed. Buy one today. Give your children a hot

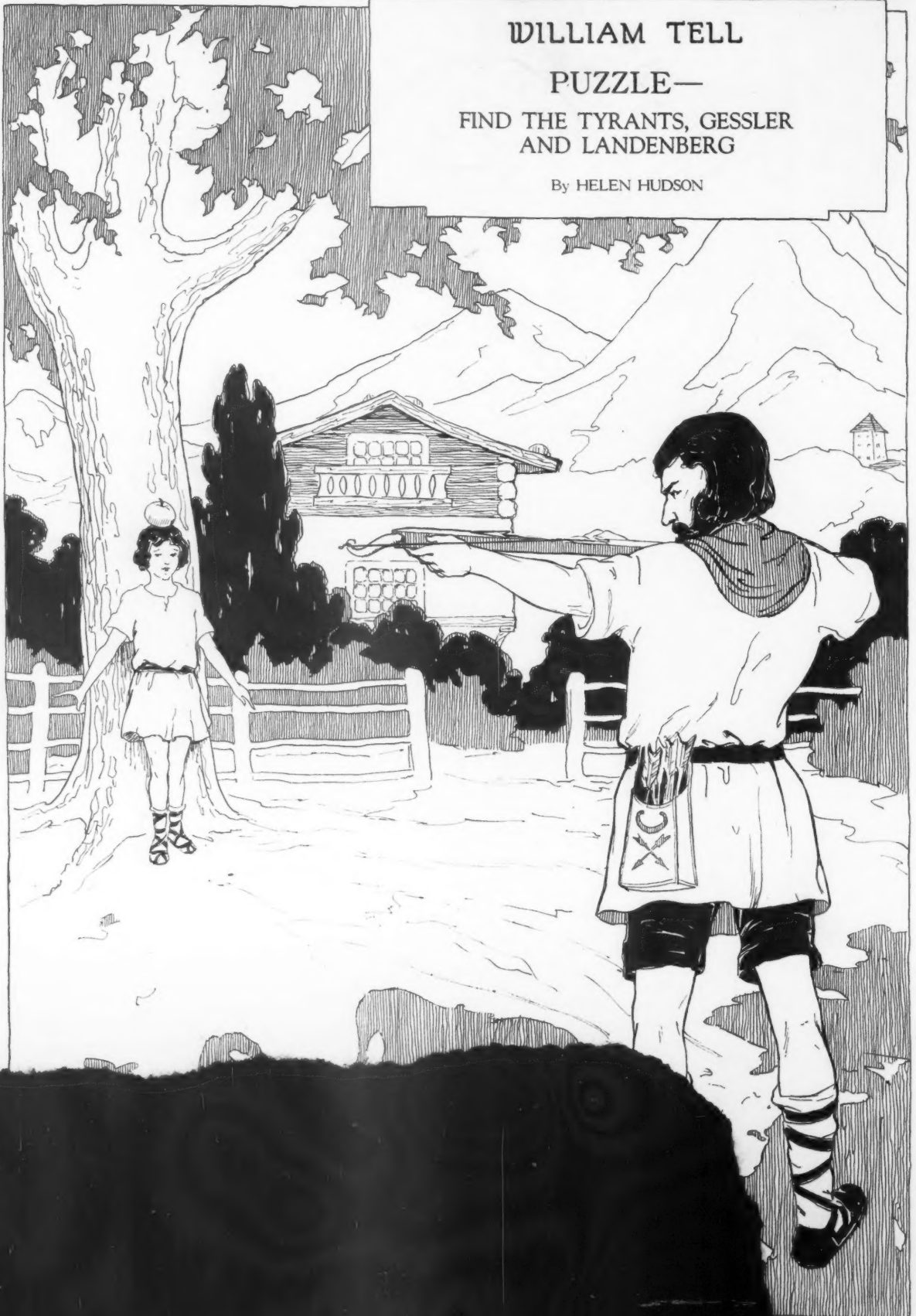


## WILLIAM TELL

## PUZZLE—

FIND THE TYRANTS, GESSLER  
AND LANDENBERG

By HELEN HUDSON





Lucile Patterson Marsh



## "Some showed a gain of 10 or 11 pounds"

*How a delicious food-drink that children  
love builds normal weight and sturdy health*

**T**HIS test was made for the benefit of mothers—especially mothers whose children are a little underweight.

It took place in one of the public open air schools of Boston. For one month a class of children in this school were given Horlick's Malted Milk regularly every day. Note the wonderful results!

"The average gain in weight in a month for the whole class," reported the Superintendent, "was over three pounds, some (those badly underweight) showing a gain of ten and eleven pounds . . ."

### *What it gives your child to grow on*

Numberless times Horlick's Malted Milk has brought about results like these—in other schools—in homes everywhere.

By the exclusive Horlick method of manufacture all the precious nourishment of fresh, full-cream cow's milk and malted barley and wheat are combined in a delicious food-drink.

*A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm*

The milk is from inspected herds. It is carefully pasteurized. By the Horlick process, the vitamins which promote growth are retained.

The choice grains are malted in Horlick's own malt house. The essential minerals and other valuable elements of the whole grain are retained. Horlick's is not "loaded" with cane sugar. The high-energy, easily digested malt sugars—dextrin and maltose—give it a delicious, malty sweetness.

### *You can be sure*

In giving your child "Horlick's", you know that you are providing the purest and most wholesome of foods.

"Horlick's" is the original Malted Milk. It is made in the country under ideal sanitary and hygienic conditions.

It has been endorsed by the medical profession for more than a third of a century. And it is known for its superior quality the world over.

### *Make this test*

If you have children who are underweight, make this test. Try giving them "Horlick's" regularly, at least once a day—at meal times or as an after-school lunch. Keep a record of their weight increase. If they are "free to gain," the results will delight you.

If your children are of normal weight, give them "Horlick's" to fortify them against the energy demands of work and play, and to build up resistance against illness.

Buy a package today and put your children on the road to sturdier health. Avoid substitutes. Insist upon "Horlick's"—the original and genuine.

*Prepared in a minute at home.  
Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars*



Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk, sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form.

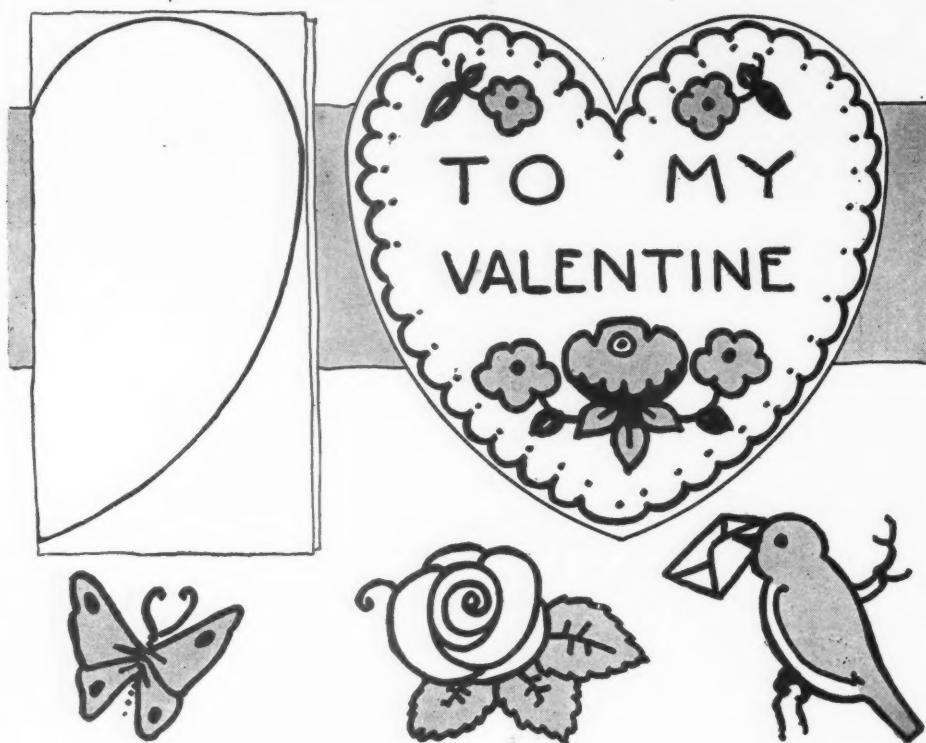


### *"Just naturally thin"*

*Every healthy child should approximate a certain weight for height and age. There are no "naturally thin" children, say authorities. Underweight is almost always a danger signal. Either there is a physical defect or the child needs more of the right kind of nourishment. If you have a child who will not gain, have him examined by a physician*

© H. M. M. Co. 1928

FREE SAMPLE



## CRAYOLA Sends You This Valentine

**H**ERE'S a CRAYOLA Valentine for you. And here's a brand new idea for your party on St. Valentine's day.

Before the party starts, make a great big giant Valentine just like the one shown here. First; fold your paper in two as shown. Draw with black CRAYOLA half of the heart. Cut out on the drawn line; unfold and you'll find you have a perfect heart. Next; draw a lacy edge and decorate with flowers and birds and butterflies.

Be sure to use CRAYOLA of the

### *Now, for your Valentine Party*

At your party, have the giant Valentine pinned on the wall. Give each one present a package of CRAYOLA Crayon with paper and hold a CRAYOLA Valentine Contest—with two prizes. Prize No. 1—for the best looking Valentine; Prize No. 2—for the most humorous message. If anyone should be clever enough to have the prettiest Valentine *and* the brightest message he or she will win *both* prizes.

It will be lots and lots of fun and help make *your* party a howling success.

**W**HENEVER you go to the store for CRAYOLA, ask for "CRAYOLA wax crayon in the yellow and green box." Be sure it says "CRAYOLA" on the box.



**BINNEY & SMITH Co.**  
42nd Street New York, N. Y.



**V**ALENTINE DAY has come around again and we are going to give a party. Last year we gave a birthday party on George Washington's birthday and such a beautiful time as we had—learning all about the things



General Washington did on his real birthday, the clothes he wore and the goodies he had for his birthday supper. We thought we never had a better time nor learned so much in such a jolly fashion. But this year we are celebrating St. Valentine's Day—just to be different. Some people think the fourteenth of February is only foolishness, but that is because they don't quite understand. We like this particular feast day and we think it is very important, for it is the day when we stop work and play long enough to tell the people we love that we *do* love them. Of course, they probably know that already; we surely try to act our love all the year through. But just the same, it is pleasant to be told in words and in some little surprise gift, maybe; and a party celebration that day is delightful fun.

Perhaps you had a Valentine party last year and so this year you want to tell your friends that you love them and have your party some other day. That's quite all right. You can use these same pretty little cakes for a patriotic party. If you will watch carefully, near the end of the lesson, you will find how to turn the Valentine cakes into Washington birthday cakes, or any other sort you happen to want.

## VALENTINE CAKES

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

*Author of "Child Life Cook Book," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detective," etc.*

We must decide first how many cakes we want to make and how big they shall be. The recipe will make sixteen individual cakes when baked in ordinary-sized muffin rings. For ourselves, we like to use the pretty little paper baking cups one can buy nowadays for a tiny sum. They come with one hundred and twenty-five cups in a box and are very easy to use. Then there are no pans to wash, none of the trouble that one sometimes has in taking small cakes out of the tins, and, most important of all, the cakes carry perfectly if you want to take them to school or anywhere away from home for serving. Our recipe makes thirty-two of these little cakes, as they are smaller than muffin ring cakes, you see.

Before we begin the baking we must look up our supplies to make sure we have everything in the pantry, ready for work. We will want confectioner's sugar, butter and cream for the icing; and several cents' worth of those tiny little red heart-shaped peppermints that one can buy around Valentine's Day. You will want three for each cake, so find out the total number needed. Isn't it fortunate we can go to school and learn numbers? How we could ever cook without arithmetic, I'm sure I don't know!

For the cake part we will want eggs, butter, cake flour, milk, sugar, and vanilla flavoring. We want vanilla for the icing, too. Look in the recipe for the amounts and make sure you have plenty of each ingredient. If you use paper baking cups, take them from the box and arrange them on large dripping pans, for baking. Be careful to allow a space between each cup, as the dough swells in baking and the cakes will need room for growing, if they are to be perfect in shape. This

(Continued on page 114)





# THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE

## PART I

By MABEL S. MERRILL

**H**ERE'S a thin spot in the bushes where I can crawl through if I push hard enough," said Billy. "You come along right at my heels, Klink, and be ready to holler if you see anything dangerous."

Klink's name was Clinton but that seemed too long a name for a fellow whose legs were so short. However, those legs were not too short to go anywhere that Billy's did, but as for danger, Klink felt that he might have liked a bit of that. But, of course, there was no hope of finding any behind that row of currant bushes at the back of Grandpa Miller's garden. It was just Billy's way of being funny to pretend that.

The currant bushes grew so thick and close that you couldn't see between them, and were so tall that you couldn't see over the tops—that is, not unless you were a good deal bigger than Billy and Klink. The two boys had been a whole week at Grandpa's farm before it came into their heads to try to find out what was on the other side of that row of currant bushes. That was because there were so many exciting things for two city boys in this new place.

"Say," cried Billy, "this is the best place we've seen yet."

In front of them was a big pool of water that had flowed back from the river into a hollow. Beyond the pool they could see the wide waters of the river itself and a good many interesting things had drifted in here out of that swift current. Billy found a big packing box bobbing up and down on the pool, now in plain sight, now hiding itself behind the bushes. In a twinkling he and Klink had set it up on end for a playhouse. It was big enough to hold them both when they sat down side by side.

"We shouldn't get wet inside this house if it rained

pouring," declared Klink. "Hey, who's knocking on our roof?"

They popped outside to see and found Grandpa looking down at them over the tops of the currant bushes. Grandpa's legs were so much longer than Klink's or Billy's, either, that he had no trouble in reaching over to tap with his cane on the "roof" of the packing box.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "Playing hide-and-seek?"

"No, but the house was. Look at it, Grandpa! We've built it just this minute," cried Klink, pointing out the box standing on end.

"We're going to call it the Hide-and-Seek house."

"Can we stay here all the time?" asked Billy. "I mean when we are not sleeping or eating. I wouldn't mind camping here all night, either, if Grandma would lend us some old quilts."

"The nights aren't quite warm enough for that yet," said Grandpa, "but you can play here all you like if you can find anything to play with."

"Here's water," said Billy, "and that's fun—and pirates go on rivers sometimes, too." He looked sidewise at Klink and added, "If a pirate comes along while we're out here, Grandpa, can we go off with him?"

Grandpa's eyes twinkled. "Why, yes, I guess he'd bring you back fast enough. I'm going a piece down the river bank right now and if I see a pirate I'll tell him to come and get you."

Grandpa marched off chuckling and the boys looked about to see what they should do next.

"If we had a boat we would go and hunt up a pirate," said Billy. "I saw a red motor boat shooting along out in the river a minute ago." He really



didn't suppose there were any pirates in this quiet place, but after all—who knew?

"Here's an old wooden tub washed up in the bushes!" Klink pointed it out. "Maybe she'd sail if we could get her afloat."

The water was shallow in this pool and there was no danger of anything worse than a wetting if the tub wouldn't carry them. But when they got it on the water they found that it would float with both of them in it. They pushed it about with a stick. How lucky they were to get a house and a boat of their own in just this little while!

Suddenly Klink stopped and stared with his finger on his lip. "There's a chimney!" he whispered. "Oh, Billy, do you s'pose—"

Over the tops of some more bushes they could see a black funnel sticking up, with smoke coming out of it. It was moving, coming nearer, and then it stopped right at the edge of their pool. The next minute they saw that the funnel belonged to a queer-looking craft. It was a big black pirate-y raft that rocked up and down on the waves from the river. On the raft was a black house or shanty made of boards. It had a door and a window and the chimney was just a piece of stove-pipe stuck up through the roof.

In the door of the shanty sat a man combing his long gray beard with his fingers while he looked at them, in exactly the way a pirate was supposed to do.

"Hello," he said. "I was coming to call. I know your grandpa. Want to see my house? Push that tub a little nearer and you can jump."

They boarded the raft and went and looked in at the door of the shanty. There was a bed or bunk, besides a chair, a shelf of dishes, a table and a small stove with a fire in it and something cooking in a kettle on top.

"It's a dandy house—good enough for any pirate!" announced Billy.

"It's better than our Hide-and-Seek house," added Klink, "because you can live here all the time and cook your dinners."

"I do live here all the time except when I'm out fishing in my dory," explained the pirate, as the boys

began to think of him, although he told them mysteriously they'd better call him Uncle Nat. "And I cook my dinner here every day. If you're short on vittles at your playhouse, you can eat with me."

At this the boys looked at each other in great excitement and Klink whispered that it would be just like taking dinner with a real pirate. So they thanked him and said they would be pleased to stay.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what," began the pirate, "there's plenty of stew in the kettle, but I don't happen to have any cakes and things such as boys like. So we'll make a trip over to the doughnut factory and fetch some."

Neither Billy nor Klink had ever heard of a doughnut factory, but it sounded inviting. The pirate untied the rope of a small boat which was

fastened to his raft. It was his dory, he told the boys, the one he used to go fishing down in the bay. When they had all stepped aboard he pulled at the long oars and sent it flying out into the river like a bird.

They went to a green hollow in the opposite shore where there was a cluster of white tents.

"It's the river drivers' camp," explained the pirate. "Know what river drivers are?"

Billy nodded.

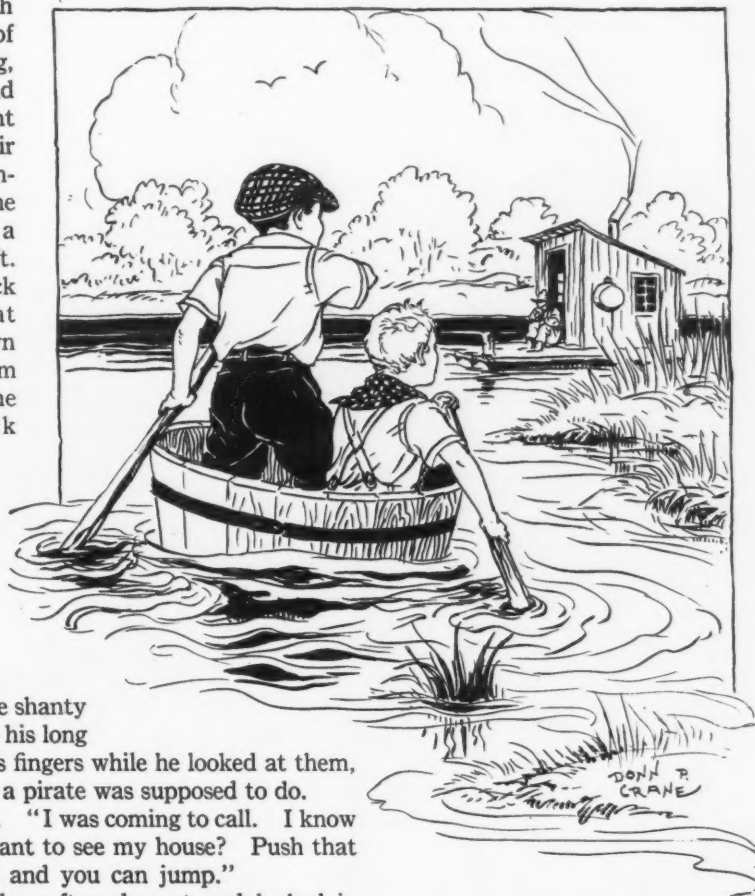
"Fellows who get the logs down the river from the woods to the mills. I suppose these tents are where they live. But there's nobody

at home, as I see," he added, straining his eyes to look.

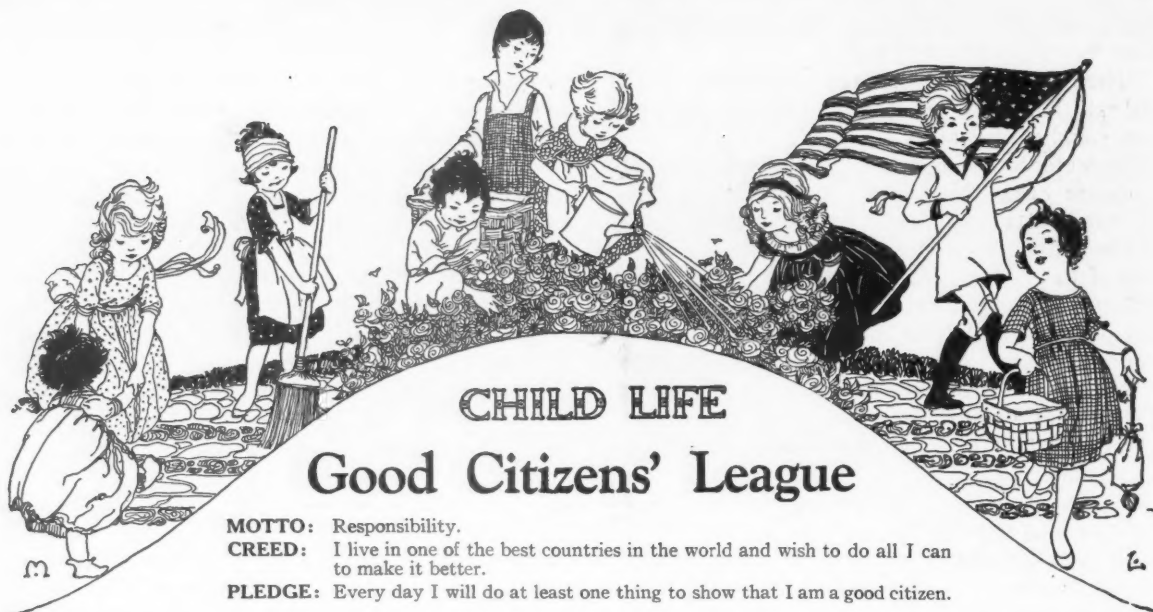
"Yes, there is; the cook is here," said the pirate, and he led the way through some bushes until they reached a sandy place where a fire was burning under a great kettle swung upon an iron rod.

"This is the doughnut factory," announced the pirate, "and here's the man that makes them."

He pointed to a jolly-looking fellow in a white apron with a long-handled fork in his hand. "He works here all day, like magic, frying doughnuts as hard as he can jump."



(Continued on page 113)



## CHILD LIFE

### Good Citizens' League

**MOTTO:** Responsibility.

**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

#### HONORING OUR HEROES

A NATION is only as great as its heroes," Miss Bradley, the counselor, told the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League at their first February meeting. "And this is the month we celebrate the birthdays of the two who, probably more than any others, have made our country the great land we love."

David glanced at the pictures of Washington and Lincoln that hung on the walls of the club room. "I wish we had just lots of money," he said suddenly.

"Why?" asked the others, surprised at this unexpected turn the conversation had taken. "Why, David?"

"Of course, we're still children," he said, "but older people put up monuments to Washington and Lincoln and dedicate memorials to them; and I wish we could do something to show how grateful we are for what they did."

Miss Bradley smiled encouragingly. "That's a very good idea, David. I believe we can do it, too!"

The members of the Brocton league gasped—Miss Bradley spoke in such a matter-of-fact way about providing a memorial to their two favorite heroes. It seemed as though she thought it a mere matter of saving their pennies for a few weeks in order to raise a beautiful marble shaft.

#### A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I read a story about Washington which illustrated his courage.
2. I read a story about Lincoln which illustrated his helpfulness.
3. I read a story about Washington which illustrated his truthfulness.
4. I read a story about Lincoln which illustrated his kindness.
5. I read part of Washington's farewell address.
6. I read Lincoln's Gettysburg address.
7. I memorized a Lincoln saying.
8. I memorized a Washington maxim.
9. I took a picture of Washington to school for the others to see.
10. I took a picture of Lincoln to school.
11. I told the story of Washington to a new American or a younger child.
12. I told the story of Lincoln to a new American or to a younger child.
13. I hung out a flag on February 12th.
14. I hung out a flag on February 22nd.
15. I helped with a patriotic program.
16. I memorized a patriotic poem, or song.
17. I was helpful in doing some work at home.
18. I was helpful at school.
19. I was truthful.
20. I was courageous.
21. I was patient while performing a hard task.
22. I did a kindness for another.
23. I made some of my own valentines.
24. I gave a valentine to a neglected child.
25. I read the story of St. Valentine.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age, and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your February list of good deeds in time to reach us by March 5 if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

"We only have \$3.22 in the treasury," said Elizabeth anxiously. "Of course, we'll make some money with our patriotic play, but—well, don't monuments cost a great deal of money?"

"Washington and Lincoln built their own monument," Miss Bradley answered. "It is our republic, which one of them helped to found and the other preserved. It is our privilege to guard the monument by learning to be intelligent patriots. We can honor their memory best by following their examples."

At first, it sounded very difficult—the counselor's proposition that they make their lives an expression of the ideals of Washington and Lincoln—until they came to realize that, in their daily efforts to be good citizens, they were doing this very thing. The qualities they admired in their heroes—truthfulness, helpfulness, patience and courage—could be theirs, too; and they could make their own lives, even while they were still boys and girls, a memorial to the two great presidents they loved and admired so much.

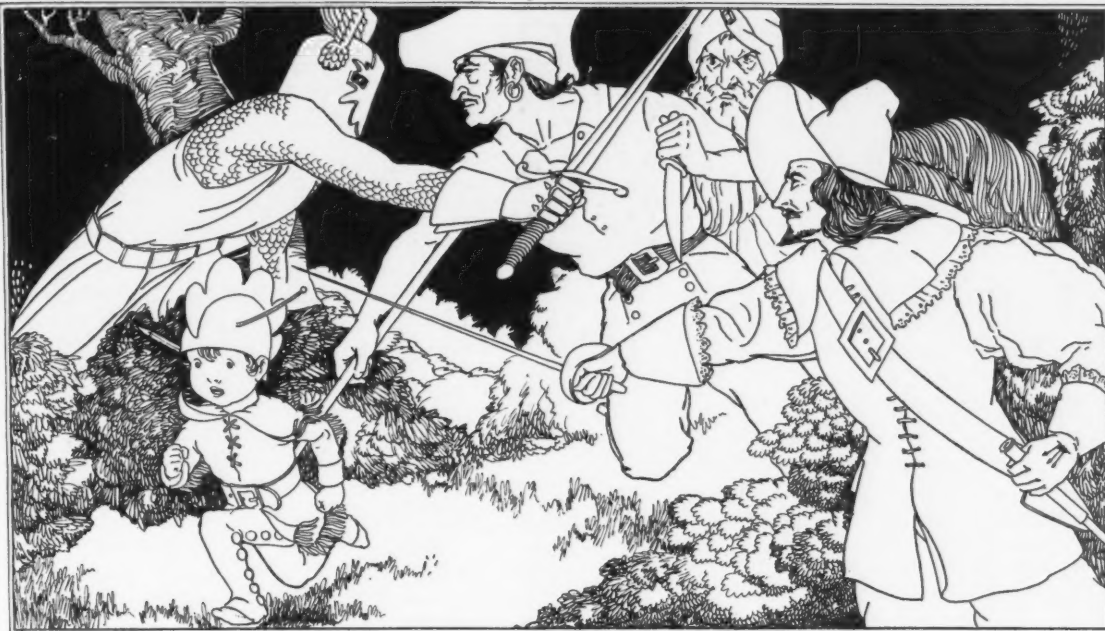
Of course, there was a Lincoln and Washington program, which many of their friends attended. They made a small profit—enough to buy a flag to hang over the portraits of their heroes.

"That's better than any marble

(Continued on page 107)



# Book-Elf is Pursued by Storyland Villains and-



## Saved by Heroes!

SO THIS was Storyland! Book-Elf marveled at the strange land he had found among the story books, just as any boy or girl would marvel if all the people and animals they had read about suddenly came to life.

Book-Elf had just shared a picnic with the characters from *The Real Story Book*. Afterwards they had all stretched out on the daisy field to take a nap for they said it was best to sleep awhile after eating so many things. But Book-elf was too curious about the wonders of Storyland to sit and watch his friends sleep. He got up and strolled to a small path that entered a dense dark forest.

Down the path he went and the shades fell thicker and thicker until the fireflies came out and sparked their little lights to welcome the stranger into their home, where sunbeams never visit. Suddenly Book-Elf heard deep voices.

"Bluebeard, you are a clever rascal in *The Arabian Nights*. Help me steal the gold hidden on *Treasure Island*. If you have a plan, out with it—" Book-Elf stood quite still for it would not have been polite to interrupt the conversation of these people, but he really jumped when a green parrot flew before him screaming,



"Long John! Long John! A spy is here!"

The thick bushes to his right were torn aside; a villainous looking pirate and a Turk with a long blue beard were visible. Book-Elf started to run as he heard the pounding of feet in pursuit. Faster and faster he ran but the shouts of his pursuers came closer.

Suddenly a gleaming sword crossed the path and a thin rapier cut the air. Under these slipped the flying elf.

The two who had rescued the elf, a knight in chain armor and a colorful soldier, laughed as they turned the pirate and Turk back down the path and watched them disappear, grumbling to themselves.

Book-Elf was so tired he was thankful when the knight carried him back to the sun-lit meadow. Before departing he said, "I am King Arthur. Perhaps some day you will know more about *King Arthur and His Knights*. My comrade is D'Artagnan of *The Three Musketeers*. Remember we are your friends."

Book-Elf thanked them and resolved to read about these men in their books. He also learned more about the dark deeds of the villains.

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Heldi	A Wonder Book
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through	
Looking Glass	
King Arthur and His Knights	
Swiss Family Robinson	
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea	



## JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

With Ruth and Robert in Postum Land

*Because of the interest shown by many of our readers in Advertising Land, Robert and Ruth will make a series of visits to the business homes of advertisers in Child Life.*



EVER since Ruth and Robert read about Jack the Giant Killer, and the Beanstalk, and the enormous Giant, they had wished they could see a Giant.

"Oh, shucks," wailed Robert, "there aren't any Giants any more. I just know it! All the exciting times were long ago, 'way back in books. I wish I lived back in a book."

"But Robert," said Ruth, "wouldn't it be awfully *squeezed* living in a book? And besides, there *might* be Giants nowadays. I'm going to ask Daddy." Ruth wasn't so very big, being only four going on five, and consequently she had to ask everybody a great many questions.

Ruth went to Daddy with ever so many questions, but then he never, never failed her. Nor did he this time.

"Well, Rufus dear," he said, tweaking a yellow curl, "so you and Bob want to see a Giant, do you? M-m-m-m-m. Now let's see." Ruth stood jiggling excitedly up and down, first on one patent-leather toe, then the other. "Well, now," he said at last, "I don't know whether I could get you in to see a Giant himself, right face to face, you know. In fact, I've often heard it's pretty dangerous to meet a giant too close. But how would you and Robert like to go see the house of a Giant I know? He's really got quite an enormous house, in fact several of them—and has the most interesting things in these houses you ever saw. What do you say?"

Now Ruth and Robert liked nothing so much as Daddy's surprises. The very next Saturday afternoon when there wasn't any school Daddy took them. Ruth wore her freshly ironed pink linen which she always loved, and Robert washed his hands extra hard, up around the wrists too. So they both felt very happy as they walked with Daddy up a pretty park slope under shady trees and past hedges clipped ever so straight.

"You see," said Daddy, "this giant wasn't always so perfectly enormous as he is now. Even Giants have to grow up, and this particular giant whose name is Postum Company, Incorporated, once upon a time used to live right over there in that quaint little, white barn. See, children, he's so proud of having grown so much, that he has painted on this barn in big black letters:

"STARTED HERE JANUARY 1, 1895."

"Why, it's just like Grandma's barn where we slid down the hay mow and Robert tore his blue sailor suit!" cried Ruth. It wasn't very tactful to mention the sailor suit but Robert didn't notice because he was so busy thinking that maybe he knew already what the surprise was going to be.

First, they went into a big handsome building all covered with vines. They both thought it must be a museum because there were so many white statues and large oil paintings around, but Daddy said it was just the Giant's offices and he found a guide there who offered to show them all the rest of the Giant's houses. So Ruth and Robert

(Continued on page 104)



# THE SECRET OF BELDEN PLACE

## WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

By FRANCES CAVANAH

Patsy Spaulding is staying with her cousin, Patty Morrison, at Belden Place, the old ancestral homestead in the little town of Fayetteville on the north bank of the Ohio River. Here they are under the care of Mrs. Fisher, the housekeeper, and have many good times with Jean, her little year-and-a-half-old girl, and with Jimmy, her ten-year-old son. With his help the cousins organize a treasure-seekers' firm, call themselves the T. S. Company, Incorporated, and begin a thorough search for Great-grandmother Patricia Belden's jewels, which had disappeared very mysteriously shortly after the Civil War. One of their most important discoveries is Mrs. Belden's diary, with its fascinating accounts of the days of the Underground Railroad and her own experiences in helping Jake and other runaway slaves escape to Canada; but most interesting of all to the treasure-seekers are the pages telling of the disappearance of the jewels. From the diary and certain old letters, which they find, they learn that old Jake had hidden the jewels when he found robbers in the house but that the hiding place he selected had never been discovered. Several pages had been cut from the diary; but after an exciting search, the treasure-seekers find them. Then, what is their surprise to learn that Jean had made a discovery, too, for they find her playing, near the old Sheraton desk, with the topaz and diamond brooch, which had been part of the lost treasure. The baby is too small to tell them where she found the brooch; and the children turn their attention to the desk. Here they find a secret spring, and one of the columns of the desk opens about an inch but will come no farther. At that moment, the antique dealer calls for several pieces of old furniture he is to do over; and the children must stop their search to take off the upholstery.

## PART V

PATTY raced up the stairs. At the top she turned, just as I reached the bottom step.

"Bring some newspapers," she called.

I turned back to the hall table for the morning

paper, which lay there, still unopened. Jimmy disappeared through the back door of the long hall and came back an instant later with a screw driver and a pair of pliers.

It was only a minute or two more before we had the papers spread out on the floor in the mystery room, in our efforts to be tidy, and had begun to pull out the huge brass-headed tacks in the sofa,

slipping the screw driver in behind them to pry them loose, then using the pliers. But this was too slow for my cousin, and, taking a pair of heavy shears from Mrs. Fisher's work basket, she split the horsehair and even cut out huge, jagged pieces in several places. The three of us delved right in, taking out handfuls of the funny, crinkly stuffing.

We were working at a rate of speed that would have done credit to the first Patricia herself. And not one of us had a word to say. But we were all *thinking* the same thing—we were wondering about the secret compartment in the old Sheraton desk and how we were to get into it. It seemed as though we simply couldn't bear it if we didn't find those missing jewels pretty soon.

And then—and then, my fingers closed on something round and long and smooth, and when I brought out my next handful of crinkly stuffing, something else came with it.

"Great-Grandmother's pearls!" In my astonishment I could only whisper the words, as I held up the pearls for the others to see. They were very smooth and beautiful, and as we looked at them against the light a soft pink glow came from them.

It is a strange thing that at that moment none of us stopped to admire them or to exclaim in our surprise over finding them in that unusual place. I simply put the pearls

in the pocket of my dress and with one accord we again turned to the old horsehair sofa. But if we had worked fast before, we worked in a frenzy of haste now, and though we made the horsehair fly, the supply of our "jewelry mine," as Patty called it, seemed to be exhausted.

"This isn't going to get us anywhere," she declared. "We'll have to go slower."





And we did, although it wasn't easy when we were so excited. We began examining that horse-hair stuffing very carefully and, sure enough, pretty soon we found a pair of amethyst earrings.

"Oh, aren't they beauties?" I cried, and slipped them into my pocket beside the pearls.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Fisher walked in to tell us that Mr. Whiteside was ready for the sofa. She had been up in the attic, taking off the upholstering on the two chairs, and he had already loaded them into the wagon.

"Oh, he'll just have to wait," wailed Patty, and I let the housekeeper take a peep into my pocket—my jewelry pocket, as we afterwards called it.

Mrs. Fisher looked just about flabbergasted, but she didn't let her surprise get the best of her common-sense. She simply turned in and helped us strip the rest of that upholstering off the sofa, until all of it lay on the newspapers, with, goodness knows, how many jewels inside of it. Then we managed to carry the sofa out into the next room, and Mr. Whiteside and his men came up and took it away.

Now that we had wrecked our jewelry mine, our next job was to find out what else had been inside of it. If Mr. Whitney had seen us, he would have said we had been acting like chickens with their heads off; but with Mrs. Fisher right there to help us, we began to work more calmly.

And from then on our search began to yield one interesting treasure after another. There were several rings, a cameo belt buckle and another one of coral, some gold beads, a pair of silver slipper buckles, a bracelet shaped like a serpent, with ruby eyes. At last, Belden Place had given up its secret.

"Goodness!" I said. "I feel like a walking jewelry store or a safety vault."

"That's the only place for them, too," the housekeeper suggested, looking worried at the idea of having to be responsible for anything so valuable. "You'd better take them down to the bank this morning, and leave them there till your mothers get back and decide what to do about them."

"How do you suppose those old jewels ever got in that sofa?" Jimmy asked, still feeling rather awed. He had never seen so many jewels at one time in his life before, and for that much neither had we.

That was a hard question to answer, for Patty and I had been wondering just about the same thing. But finally we figured it out.

Old Jake, in his haste, must have split a hole in the back of the sofa with a knife—or, perhaps, there already was a split there—and dropped the jewelry in, piece at a time, and then patted it down to look smooth, so as not to arouse the suspicions of the robbers. Well, he must have patted it down to look so *very* smooth that even Great-grandmother Patricia hadn't suspected, and had merely darned the slit in her own neat way to get her mind off the loss of the jewels. That much the diary had told us.

"But how did Jean get hold of that brooch?" Jimmy insisted.

"She probably climbed up on the sofa and put her hands inside one of the holes," my cousin answered. "You noticed how holey the upholstering was, didn't you, and how Patsy and I were always poking our fingers in to feel the crinkly stuff inside. Well, probably Jean liked the funny, tickly feel of it, just as we did."

"Jean deserves a reward," I said, "a new doll anyway. With all *our* poking, Patty, we never pulled out a five hundred dollar brooch, or whatever it is that such things cost."

We started for the bank then, but before we left we simply had to know what was in that secret compartment in Great-grandfather's old desk. John opened it for us without a bit of trouble. It had simply stuck and had required greater strength than ours to get it open—that was all. But all we found were some old letters—interesting but not particularly valuable, so far as we could see. Among them was the letter from Governor Randolph in answer to Great-grandmother Patricia's note, but he had had no information to give her—nothing that would have helped us in our search. True, he had written the officers of the boat that employed Jake. But in the meantime the kind old

darky had died, and no one knew his story.

John walked down town with us, and Patty and I pretended that we were bank messengers and that he was the plain clothes man who was guarding us. When we took the jewelry in to Mr. Carney at the bank, he was very much

impressed and complimented my cousin and me on what we had accomplished. We told him that Jimmy had done just as much as we had and that we wanted him to have every cent of the \$500



reward that Great-grandfather had offered. The banker shook his head and told us not to count too much on that, since the man who had offered it was no longer living.

"It's a shame," Patty said, as we walked home alone. "I know that Jimmy wouldn't ask for a reward. But he does want to study art so much, and this money would have given him such a dandy start."

"I'm going to ask Mother about it anyway," I declared. "I don't care what Mr. Carney said."

It wasn't long before nearly everyone in Fayetteville knew what we had found, and the reporter from the *Evening Banner* came to see us and wrote about it in the paper. The next Sunday the story was copied in the *Arlington Post*, with a big headline saying: "Children Find Heirlooms Lost Half a Century." We just couldn't help feeling a little proud when we saw that. One of the men on the paper wrote and asked us for our pictures, but since our mothers weren't there to tell us what to do, we didn't think we'd better let him have them.

Oh, it was just lots of fun—to have people stop us on the street and say, "Well, well, we hope the T. S. Company will keep on doing business. If we ever lose anything, we'll just come to you."

And old Mr. Whitney down at the grocery store said that he thought he ought to have *some* credit because he had started us to hunting for the mystery room and in that way we had found, first, Jean and Jimmy, then the diary and then the jewels themselves.

"But the jewels weren't in the mystery room at all," we insisted, "till a few weeks ago when the sofa was moved in for Jimmy to sleep on. They were in the old sofa that we've sat on just hours and hours, reading and playing make-believe games."

"Leastwise," said Mr. Whitney as he handed us each a piece of candy across the counter, "I started you on your search."

This was true, of course, but then we couldn't

answer him anyway, because he had given us perfectly unchewable pieces of taffy.

Our best surprise came when our mothers arrived home a whole week sooner than they were expected.

"What's all this about finding the lost jewels?" Aunt May demanded, after we had been hugged and kissed.

We were surprised to learn that that newspaper story had been copied all over the state. Our mothers hadn't hardly been able to believe it and had hurried right home to investigate. When they found that everything they had read was true and that we had actually found the missing jewels, they were just about as pleased as we had been. They were awfully proud of us, too.

Really, it almost made me want to be a lady detective instead of an author when I grow up.

There was nothing to do but to take Mother and Aunt May down to the bank then and there, although they hadn't had

a bite of lunch. They were so thrilled when they saw the jewels, and, since they were the only heirs, divided them then and there. The jewels would belong to Patty and me some day, they told us, and perhaps they could have two of the more simple rings cut down for us to begin wearing right away. Mother took the pearls and promised that they should be mine when I was twenty-one, and Aunt May said that Patty should come into possession of the diamond and topaz brooch on the same day.

On the way back to Belden Place I asked Mother about the reward and explained how Jimmy had helped us. Since Patty and I were to have the jewels, we thought that he should get something out of it, too.

But all she would say was, "Your aunt and I shall have to talk it over together, Patsy. And in the meantime I wouldn't say anything to Jimmy about it."

This didn't sound very encouraging, and I decided then and there that if I ever was out after another reward, I'd be sure that the person who offered it was there to pay it. Not that I was sorry we had found the jewels! I should say not! It was just that I didn't want Jimmy to be disappointed.

After lunch Mother said, "Now, Patsy, give us



(Continued on page 122)



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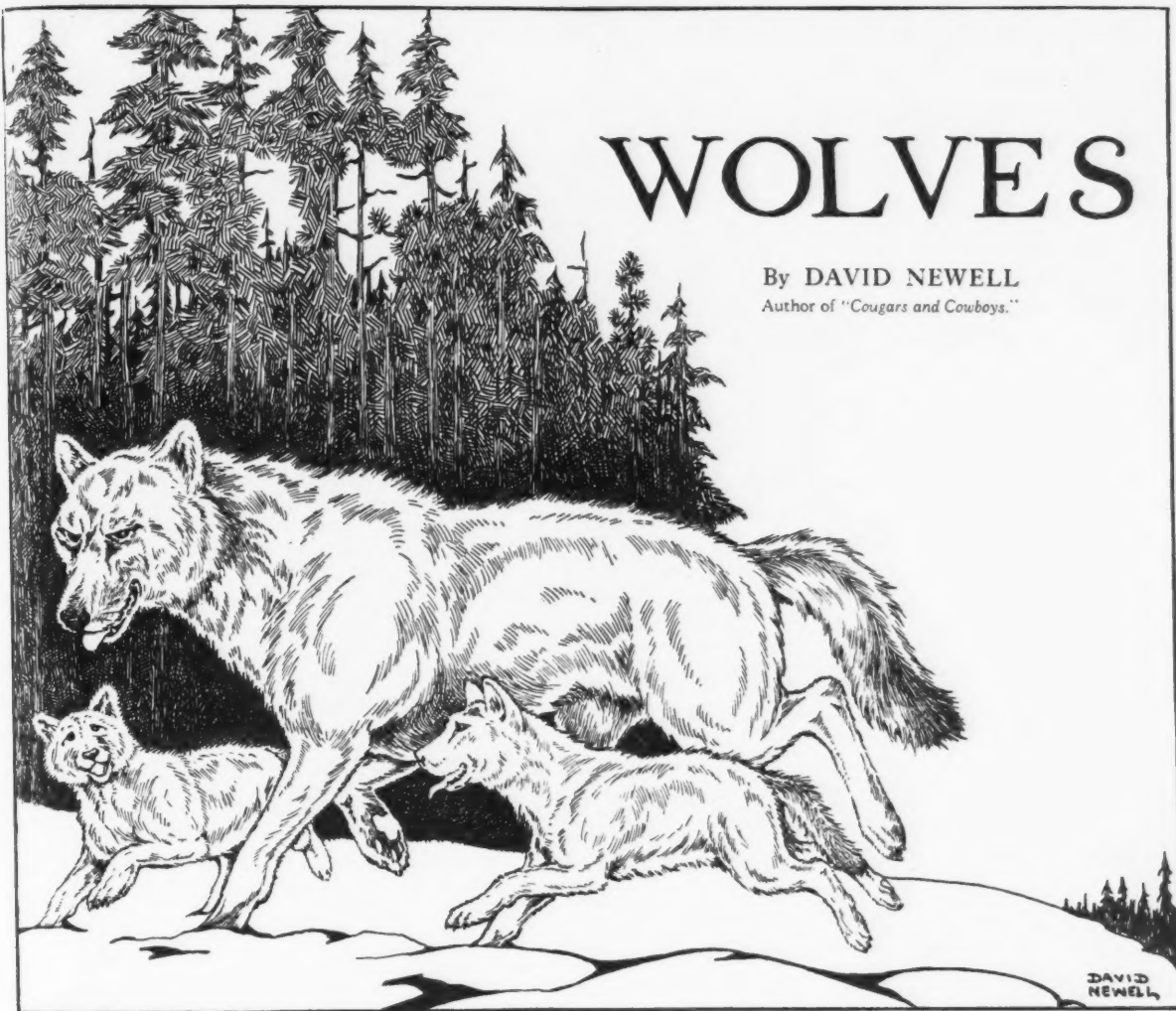
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# WOLVES

By DAVID NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys."



IF YOU had been far back in the middle of the big woods last night, you would have heard this old wolf howling. It was just as the moon rose behind the dark pine trees that she howled the first time, and the sound made even the old owls shiver.

She must have been hungry, for now you see her trotting along in the snow on the trail of a deer. Her two cubs don't know very much about hunting yet, so they are running beside their mother like a pair of playful collie puppies.

There are different kinds of wolves that live in different parts of the country, but this one is the big, grey, timber wolf that lives in the far west and in the north-land. The cowboys often call these big wolves "lobos," or "loafers." Lobo is the Mexican word for wolf.

An old mother lobo keeps her cubs with her until they are about a year old. Then the youngsters leave her and go out into the world by themselves, just as boys and girls have to do when

they are grown up. When these cubs are full grown, they will weigh as much as a big man, and they will be very strong. Now they are just furry little chaps that look very friendly, but after while their teeth will grow long and sharp and their jaws will become very powerful. They will have narrow, slanting eyes like their mother's and on cold winter nights they will howl at the moon just as their mother does.

Wolves are very fond of sheep and calves, partly because sheep and calves are easier to catch than deer; so the ranchers do not like wolves and do everything they can to get rid of them. But an old wolf is very smart, and often knows as much about a trap as a man does.

You will see that a wolf makes a track very much like the track of a puma. There are four toes, and a broad pad just like a puma's, but wolves' tracks show claw-marks. You will also see that a wolf's back foot is narrower than his front foot.





















Next month we will meet some old friends that everybody knows and likes.

(Continued on page 128)



# AS IT HAPPENED

By  
Alice L. Whitson

Here are the  that built a  in the top of the -tree. And here is the  of  and here are the small  three. And here are the baby  that came from the  in the cherry--tree. And here are the  and that pleased the  of the hungry three. And here is the  that held the  when the  was too small for the three, and here are the  that bore them away from the  in the -tree. And here are the parent  once more with nothing whatever to do, so they tore up the  in the -tree and started another anew.

## JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 98)

and Daddy followed the Guide from one big, clean, scrubbed building into another. And what do you suppose they saw? You never in the world could guess! Well, first they saw a great big shining wonderful machine, that Daddy said was the Giant's slave.

And this great big machine-slave was doing the oddest things. Ruth squealed with laughter when she saw it, for it was mixing up dough—oh, such a lot of dough and the Guide said it was a very special kind. There were huge pans of "sponge" set aside to "rise." And other machine-slaves were kneading the sponge and molding it into great loaves for baking. The Guide said they baked 40,000 loaves like these in just one single day and Ruth said, "Oooooo!" and knew she could never, never even count that far. And then they found out the most surprising thing of all—they found out that these loaves when they were baked good and hard were ground up into—guess!—Grape-Nuts!

"I already guessed it," insisted Robert. "I guessed that was going to be the surprise, Daddy."

Yes, there was the surprise—golden, crunchy, oh-so-tasty Grape-Nuts that Robert and Ruth loved to eat out of their pretty blue birthday bowls. And the cleverest sort of machines were packing the Grape-Nuts into packages—sixty a minute—three hundred in the five minutes they stood watching.

But that wasn't all. Pretty soon they went into another place and saw tremendous rollers, the kind Giant's children might skate with. And those rollers were rolling out into thin flakes bushels and bushels and bushels of snow-white corn grits that already had been cooked—seventy-four tons at a time—in huge steam cookers.

"I guess you never saw so much of *anything* all at one time, Ruth," said Robert just a bit condescendingly.

"Well, neither did you!" Ruth answered.

Then they were allowed to peep into great big ovens, for all the world like huge corn-poppers, and there, dancing madly in the fierce heat, were these same flakes, now lovely, golden Post-Toasties.

"Just like a hot snowstorm!" exclaimed Robert. And Ruth squealed, "Oh, I want hot snow for breakfast tomorrow!"

And then they saw immense furnaces roasting the wheat grains, and bran moistened with a little sweetening that would become Postum Cereal—the good healthful Postum Cereal out of which Mother made them such nice hot milk drinks in winter and iced ones in summer.

They next went into one more clean, white room and Robert had a nice dish of Grape-Nuts to eat. Ruth, who liked nicknames, chose Post-Toasties like the "hot snowstorm" she had just seen. And Daddy drank a steaming cup of Postum.

"Didn't I tell you this was a nice, good Giant, children?" he said, his eyes twinkling in the way they loved so much.

"But he's not a person-Giant, is he, Daddy?" asked Ruth.

"Well, it's really better to have factory-giants," said Robert philosophically, "'cause old time Giants did not like little children and these nice factory-giants give us good things to eat and drink."

# A VALENTINE PARTY

By MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

Author of "In the Garden of the Little Lame Princess"

WHEN you see the shop windows full of big red hearts and lovely valentines, you will want to have a valentine party. If you go inside the store you will see cunning little invitations to send to your friends. Or you may purchase a little valentine for each one, write the invitation on a heart-shaped piece of paper and paste it inside. Each one will have its own envelope for mailing.

While you are in the shop, you will want to buy red and white crepe paper streamers and hearts for decorating, and more red hearts for your games.

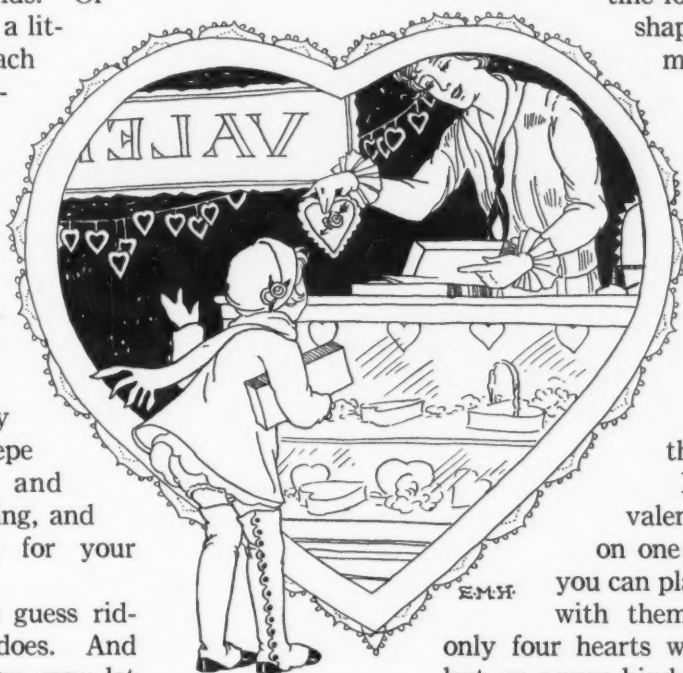
Do you like to guess riddles? Everyone does. And for your party you may let the guests find the answers for their riddles. Write a riddle on the back of each red heart and plan to have six heart riddles for each guest. Write the answers on other hearts, one answer to a heart, and keep these separate from the first bunch. As soon as the guests arrive, they may be allowed to draw six hearts with riddles and six hearts with answers on them. If the answers they draw do not fit their riddles, they may exchange one wrong answer at a time with some one else. They cannot look at the answers offered them, but if they do not get the right one they may pass it on in exchange for

another which may fit some of their riddles. Of course, the exchanging will not begin until all have arrived and can start together. The first one to get correct answers for all his riddles should have a pretty valentine for a prize, or a heart-shaped box of candy. You must take care that

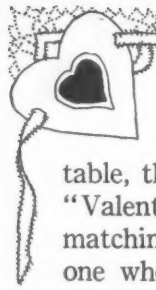
each player exchanges only one answer at a time, and does not look at the one he gets until the exchange is made. You can purchase a riddle book for a small sum or you can consult one at the library.

If you have pasted valentine seals or emblems on one side of these hearts, you can play another jolly game with them. There should be only four hearts with the same sticker but as many kinds of stickers as there are players. You will not find it hard to get different seals. Hearts of all sizes may be cut from paper of many colors and pasted on to the large hearts. If you cannot find the seals, cupids, arrows, birds and flowers cut from paper napkins may be used.

Any number may play this game. They may be seated around a large table or in a circle on the floor. The cards are shuffled and dealt one at a time until all are out. The players leave them face down upon the table in front of them. Beginning with the dealer, each child turns one card face up on the table beside his other pile. When a







card is turned that matches one that is already face up on the table, the person turning it tries to yell, "Valentine!" before the one having the matching card can say the word. The one who says it first gives his card to the other player who must place it under his upturned heart. The object of the game is to get rid of all hearts. But if one is not watchful, he may on the last round have someone give him a pile of upturned ones.

When all hearts are face up on the table the scores are marked down, and the hearts shuffled and dealt again.

Every heart up-turned in front of a player counts one against him. Each heart decorated with a cupid counts two against the player having it at the end. The one having the lowest score after several rounds is the winner. In case two players call, "Valentine!" at exactly the same time, each keeps his own cards, or hearts. Of course, no one will peep before turning a heart. If a third heart is turned up that matches these two already up, the last player to call, "Valentine!" will get both matching upturned cards and all the cards under them.

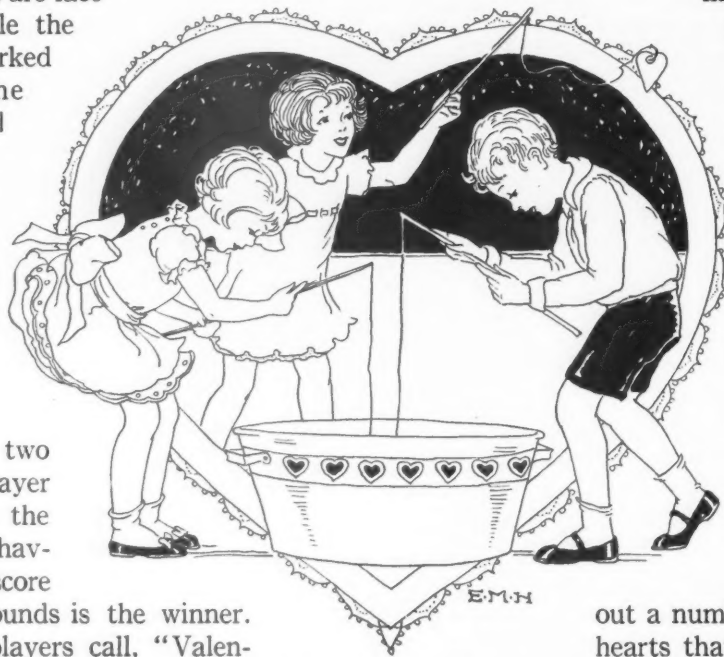
You may play "heart tag" with these same hearts. Each player chooses one, except "It" who does the tagging. There is no base. To be safe one player must run to some one else and place the heart he holds against the other player's paper heart. The catcher counts ten and all must seek

out different partners for protection. He may tag any one who has not found a partner by the time he has finished counting. He then takes the paper heart from the one tagged and that one becomes "It."

The number the catcher counts at each change depends upon the size of the room and the number playing. The players must seek other partners in and out among the matched couples and this makes the game very exciting.

Of course, the players cannot have the same partners two times in succession, but must hunt another when the catcher starts to count. If they are not safe by the time he has finished, they must do a great deal of dodging.

After such a lively game as this, your guests will enjoy fishing for hearts. Cut



out a number of small celluloid hearts that will float on water, and cut a small hole in the point of each. Make fishing poles of small flag sticks, red cord and gilt hooks. The guests may be divided into groups, each group fishing so many minutes. A point is given for each heart caught, and a prize of candy hearts goes to the winning side.

Refreshments come next and all will be delighted to discover the valentine table with little heart-shaped cakes trimmed with candies, ice cream moulded in the shape of a heart, and cunning heart-shaped baskets filled with nuts. Each place may be marked by a pretty valentine or a valentine favor.



## GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 96)

statue," David declared, "because Lincoln and Washington loved that flag and everything it stood for."

"And everything that you boys and girls are going to see it shall continue to stand for," Miss Bradley added.

## League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

## Honor Roll for October

Miriam Garmany  
Doris Gillis  
Barbara Grove  
Evelyn Jane Gibson  
William Gibson, Jr.  
Betty Lou Gibson  
Hazel Gee  
Mary Wyatt Galbraith  
Thelma M. George  
Marguerite Grynkrout  
Nancy A. Hill  
Janis Harris  
Catherine Honeycutt  
Ruth Hose  
Mary E. Hand  
Mary L. Hare  
Nan Hilschman  
Betty Hoy  
Muriel Horn  
Vera Hooten  
Sarah Harris  
Louis E. Halle  
Marguerite F. Holland  
Mary A. Hostetter  
Ruth Huston  
Helen Harshbarger  
Natalie B. Havens  
Juanita Hurt  
Idamae Harms  
Curt Hengsbach  
Frances A. Hornbuckle  
Jack Headden  
Muriel Heidger  
Edith Hollister  
Ruth E. Hayner  
Marion Hamilton  
Elizabeth A. Hutchison  
Elizabeth Hedlund  
Mary K. Houchins  
Jean Hood  
Gloria Hunt  
Marjorie Hamilton  
Charles Hambright  
Phyllis Hartung  
Charlotte E. Howell  
Phyllis Houser  
Annie Harrell  
Barbara Hotchkiss  
Evelyn J. Howard  
Mary Jane Huston  
Betty Hart  
William Hotchkiss  
Margaret Hohensee  
Amanda W. Hopkins  
Minnie Hall  
Marjorie Hughes  
Edith Grace Irwin  
Charles Iig  
Mary N. Inman  
Virginia Jones  
Joan Jacoby  
Katherine Jackson  
George H. Johnson  
Archie Jaffray  
Willie M. Jackson  
Carin Jaren  
Mary B. Johnson  
Helen Jones  
Louise Johnson  
Helen M. Jackson  
Alice M. Jensen  
Josephine Johnson  
Ralph Jacobs  
Alice May Jensen

Margaret H. Johnson  
Mary B. Jackson  
Margaret E. Johns  
Homer Jacobus  
Mildred Johnson  
Elinor Jacobs  
Elizabeth Kolb  
Mildred Kalous  
Marian Kerin  
Mary Kamps  
Eleanor Kent  
E. Phelp Knich  
Frances M. Kitzing  
Hester Kimbrough  
Evelyn Kamka  
Charlotte Knox  
Peggy Keith  
Jean Krepley  
Robert Keagy  
Betty Knox  
Jeanne Kelley  
Margaret Kelley  
Lawrence Keyser  
James Krum  
Alfred C. Krieger, Jr.  
Frances L. Krey  
Rosalind Klump  
Kittie I. Kirk  
Betty Lou Kixmiller  
Marion Kernan  
Robert Lyne, Jr.  
Viola R. Levin  
Frances C. Lee  
Doris Lovell  
Robert E. Lenz  
Nona May Linton  
Barbara Lash  
Anne Lawson  
Muriel Lehnert  
Billy Laramore  
Charles Lloyd  
Hugh R. Lawrence  
Sarah L. Latimer  
Barbara Leigh  
Irving Lobdell  
Margaret Logan  
Richard W. Love, Jr.  
Sarah Lovejoy  
Mary Le Lievre  
Margaret Large  
Ruth B. Lovejoy  
Alice Lawson  
Clayton D. Loughran  
Elma Luce  
Ermine Lawrence  
Alice Lauffer  
Elizabeth Light  
Martha Lawrie  
Ruth Little  
Beverly Larson  
Lucia Law  
Virginia Lincoln  
Mary Landis  
Jane Linsley  
Nancy G. Leask  
Florice Long  
Nine J. Lemen  
Emily Lumford  
Virginia Larson  
Virginia B. Matthews  
Jean Miller  
Margaret Montague  
Elizabeth Marsh  
Marcella Menard

Honor Roll for November to be continued in March



## What was Johnny Chipmunk's secret?

"How well and happy you look!" exclaimed Betty, as she came upon her little friend, Johnny Chipmunk, sunning himself on a stump. "I thought you might be hungry, so I brought you some food. What do you eat that keeps you so fine-looking?"

"That's a secret," replied Johnny, as he smoothed the fur on his plump, healthy little body. "But I'll tell you—if you don't tell Farmer Brown. You see, I laid in a supply of wheat last summer from Farmer Brown's field—enough to last me all winter.

"And there's no better food in the world than wheat," added Johnny

wisely, "if you eat every bit of the kernel."

"Why, that's what Mother says!" exclaimed Betty. "And that's why she gives me Wheatena. She says it has the minerals, vitamins and other good things that Nature puts into the wheat. I love it, too."

Betty's mother was right, of course! Wheatena does have the goodness of the whole wheat—the minerals, vitamins and other good things that build strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked youngsters.

Why not ask your mother to give you Wheatena? Betty loves it—and you will, too.

**Wheatena—the cereal that builds healthy, robust children**



MOTHERS: The great child-health specialists say: "Give your children a well-cooked WHOLE-WHEAT cereal." Wheatena is delicious, easily-digested, easily-prepared, and actually costs you less than 1 cent a dish to serve. Many mothers cook it in half milk and half water.

**FREE** Sample package of Wheatena (enough for 3 persons) and a Recipe Book.

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# Safe



## from chilling drafts

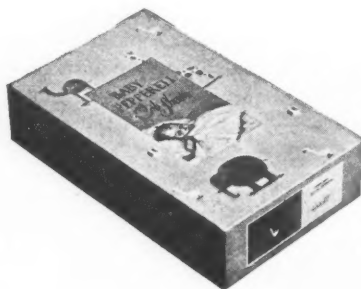
WHEN baby is finally tucked in his crib with a Wamba blanket, you *know* he is safe.

There is no running upstairs every few minutes to see if his 'covers' are intact, or fumbling in the dark with awkward safety pins to secure his bedclothes.

Wamba is a soft, downy crib blanket that is designed to keep baby snugly covered in his crib and yet allow him plenty of freedom. With Wamba he is *always* warmly covered.

Made of soft, fleecy cotton, Wamba is an attractive gift to anyone with a baby. The colors are solid blue, solid pink, blue and white checked or pink and white checked.

Wamba has a deep scallop in the edge that allows room for baby's face. The high sides snugly cover his shoulders. Strong ribbons secure Wamba to his crib. You will find Wambas in the better department stores and infants' specialty shops.



Four soft, dainty Baby Pepperell Crib Sheets nestle in this decorative box. Isn't this a practical gift for a present or prospective mother?

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# A Home-made Valentine

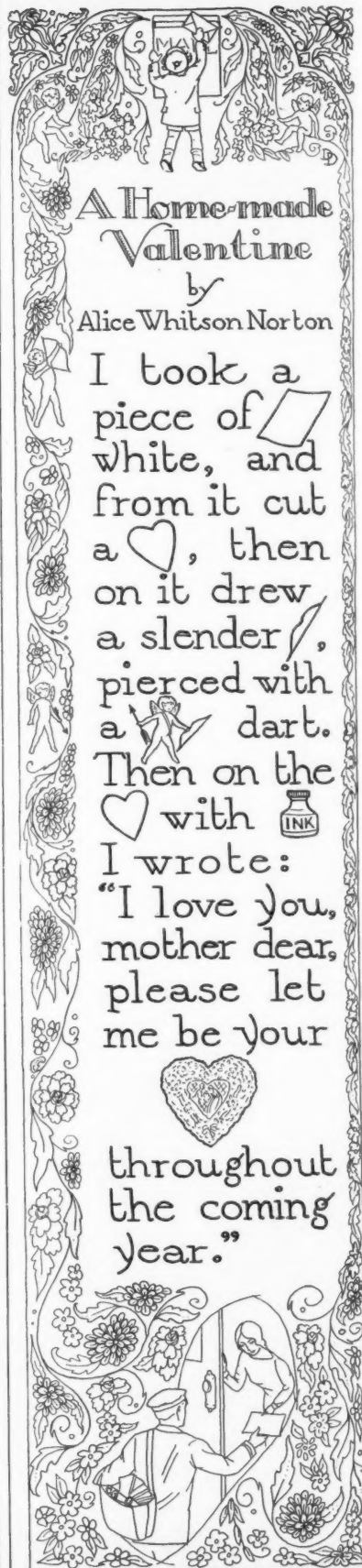
by

Alice Whitson Norton

I took a piece of white, and from it cut a , then on it drew a slender , pierced with a dart. Then on the with I wrote: "I love you, mother dear, please let me be your



throughout the coming year."





## YOUR MARCH CHILD LIFE

**G**IANTS, brownies, perfectly tame fairies and other Who's Who of Fairyland come whirling gustily into your March number of CHILD LIFE, and mingle sociably with the many realistic folk whose adventures you will also find there.

"Finn and the Scotch Giant" are magic folk of real importance and you will enjoy their amusing experiences as much as Ella Young, the famous Irish poet and story-teller, enjoys re-telling them to you. Many eminent people of many lands call Miss Young a great writer, but James Stephens goes still further and says she reminds him of "the freshness of the morning, a clean wind and a clear sky."

Ella Young, in her wanderings, has met many people who *believe* in fairies, but Henry B. Mason, in his comical Funland story tells what might happen if you *caught* one. Mr. Mason, you remember, is the author of that jolly book, "Letters from Uncle Henry," and is the adopted uncle of hundreds and hundreds of children who love him and his delightful stories.

The month that brings Saint Patrick's Day may also take Ruth and Will and their grandfather to Ireland in Caroline Mabry's amusing, adventurous "Tale of an Irish Cow." And Henry Purmort Eames, the famous lecturer and musician, has chosen this month for his beautiful, inspiring "Story of the Harp."

Further good times with "The Hide-and-Seek House," with David Newell's Wild Animal Contest, with the popular Betty Sue and Sally Lou, and with dozens of other surprise pages are also awaiting you in your March CHILD LIFE.

Isn't that something special to look forward to?

# The Story of CAPTAIN COOKY, FREE!



Wouldn't you like to have your very own copy of this little book?

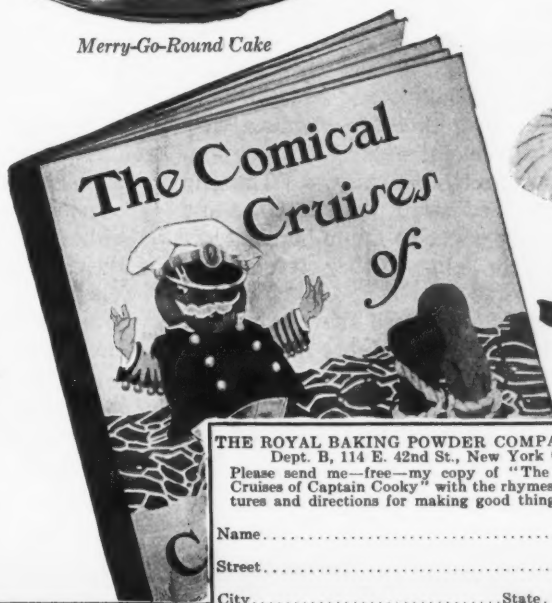
It is full of jolly pictures showing how brave Captain Cooky subdued the Savage Bombarees, and the story is all in rhyme.

Another thing you will like about the book is the pictures of such fascinating foods as Bunny Cake for Easter, Merry-Go-Round Cake for birthdays, Orange Blossoms, Peanut Cookies and Cocconut Cookies for any time at all. There are complete directions telling you and mother exactly how to make these good things to eat.

All you have to do is to clip the coupon and mail it today — the book is free for the asking.



Merry-Go-Round Cake



THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY  
Dept. B, 114 E. 42nd St., New York City  
Please send me—free—my copy of "The Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky" with the rhymes and pictures and directions for making good things to eat.

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## A VALENTINE FOR CARLOTTA

IT WAS to be the most delightful sort of party. Marian

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

makes five girls really!" Marian reminded her. "Mother said

and Ellen had been planning it for weeks. Even Ted, Marian's brother, was interested in it and had made a remarkable bean-bag board with a heart-shaped opening through which the bean bags were tossed. There was to be a prize of a big chocolate cream heart for the child who made the best score.

The party was to be at Marian's house and Mrs. Jervis had promised pink and white ice cream and Marian and Ellen had bought a heart cookie cutter and were going to make dozens of cookies with white icing and tiny red heart candies in the middle. All the guests were to wear costumes.

There was to be a valentine hunt, as well as guessing games, and Marian and Ellen had cut out red cardboard hearts and bought several rolls of red crepe paper to decorate the house with.

Marian and Ellen were both in the fifth grade and they went to Sunday school together. They had been chums ever since they started to school. Usually they agreed very well about things. They agreed now about the party. They wanted the same games and the same refreshments and the same red heart invitations. They both thought a costume party would be the nicest.

They talked for a long time about whom they should invite to their valentine party. They both wanted Edith Brown and Jack Bracy and Timothy Thomas. Of course, Ted would want to come and that would mean they ought to invite his pal, Joe. Elaine and Eloise were twins, so they were always invited places together.

Ellen bit the end of the pencil she was writing down names with and wrinkled her brows. "I suppose we should ask an even number of boys and girls—it makes it better for games where you have partners. Let's see, we have three girls' names and four boys'—"

"But there's you and me—that

we could have twelve altogether!"

"We ought to have Alan Brown if we ask Edith, and let's ask Monty Roberts!"

"All right, that makes our six boys!" Marian agreed. "What other girl shall we ask?"

Ellen hesitated. "Fanny Morrison is too little—and Ernestine couldn't come because she's at her grandmother's—of course, we all know Carlotta but—"

Marian wrinkled up her nose. "Carlotta!" she said. "I don't think any one ever invited her to a party, do you? They'd all think it was funny to ask her—and I don't suppose she'd know how to behave—she doesn't even speak English very well!"

"I guess that's so!" Ellen agreed. "And she probably hasn't any party dress—and her school clothes are the queerest things."

"I suppose she'd enjoy coming—she likes games and things like that—but still—" Marian was not naturally unkind but the idea of inviting the queer little Carlotta seemed such an unheard-of thing.

"Of course!" Ellen said as if the matter were settled. "We can invite Clara! Why didn't we think of her before?"

So the invitations were written out carefully on cunning heart-shaped cards and slipped into white envelopes and addressed. It was a whole week before Valentine's Day but the girls wanted to give their guests plenty of time to get ready for the party. They delivered their invitations themselves. It saved stamps and it was such good fun to drop the envelopes in the mail boxes.

As they passed along the street where stood the little house in which Carlotta and her family lived, they looked the other way. They saw Tony, Carlotta's younger brother, playing in the yard. Then they heard



Carlotta's voice calling, "Hello!" to them.

Ellen waved her hand and Marian said, "Hello!" But they hurried on. Marian hoped Carlotta did not know what their errand at the large house in the next block was. She kept the twins' invitations hidden in her pocket until they were across the street.

In her heart Marian felt that they were treating Carlotta rather shabbily. Of course, Carlotta was strange and queer-looking with her bright dark eyes and dark curls. She did not know all their American games and ways but she was clever in school and she had gentle, kindly manners.

"I'm not sure she isn't more polite than we are sometimes—and she's never mean or selfish with any of us!" Marian thought. But she did not like to say anything more to Ellen about inviting Carlotta to the party. She did not want Ellen to think she picked out "funny" friends.

Nevertheless, the matter did not leave Marian's mind. She really liked Carlotta and she knew Carlotta liked her. She felt sorry for Carlotta, too, because the other children so often made fun of her when she made mistakes in her speech or did things differently from American children.

"I wish I could invite her—I think she'd appreciate it more than any of the others—because she doesn't have so many parties and good times as they do!" Marian meditated. But she said nothing to anyone about her thoughts.

When the other girls and boys began to talk about the party at school and to show each other their invitations, Marian felt rather guilty. She hoped no one would say anything to Carlotta about the party and hurt her feelings. Marian wondered what she could do to make it up to Carlotta in some way.

She thought about it for a long time. Finally she decided that Carlotta should have the very nicest valentine she could make for her. Marian was very clever with paste pot and scissors and gilt paint. She had made valentines

every February for several years and her friends declared they were the prettiest and most original valentines they received. Marian always tried to put something appropriate on her valentines—a kitten for Edith who liked cats, a kite for Ted and a posy for Grandma who cared so much for her garden.

The valentine Marian made for Carlotta was a very pretty one. She put a picture of a bluebird in the middle because Carlotta could sing better than any one else in their room at school. She edged it with a frill of paper lace and put a valentine message on it in gilt letters.

"I know she'll like this, anyhow!" Marian told herself as she slipped the valentine in its envelope.

She waited till twilight to take it round to Carlotta's house because she did not want Ellen to see her doing it. She was afraid Ellen would make fun of her.

"I don't care!" Marian told herself as she walked along with the envelope hidden under her coat. "I have a perfect right to send Carlotta a valentine if I want to! She's just as nice as any of those boys and girls who think they're better than she is!"

Marian had several other valentines to deliver and she left Carlotta's until the last. It was dark and the arc lights were blinking into activity when she reached Carlotta's street. Carlotta's house

stood back from the street and some tall bushes in the yard in front made the path up to the steps shadowy and mysterious looking. For a moment Marian wished it was not so late and dark. Then she drew the envelope with the big valentine in it from under her coat and tiptoed up the path. She meant to slip it under the door and run away before any one came in answer to her ring at the bell.

But as Marian opened the front gate, she caught sight of a moving shadow on the path inside. Some one else was in the yard. Marian stared hard and waited to get a better look at the person. When she looked again there was no one in sight.

(Continued on page 115)





# Peterkin's Happy Adventure in a Diner



FOR the first time in his life, Peterkin was traveling on a train alone with Daddy. He was having a *very* exciting journey. It was time for lunch, and they were sitting at a little white table in a car full of white tables, with trees and telegraph poles sliding by at a great rate outside the window.

The waiter brought a heaping tray, and Peterkin's eyes brightened at sight of some specially-nice things to eat. Perhaps he'd even have a grown-up drink like Father's . . . But no—and suddenly Peterkin forgot his dignity in his disappointment. Milk—just the same as at home!

"Daddy, *must* I drink milk today?" he begged, his eyes brimming. "Can't I have something specially-nice—a grown-up drink like yours?"

"Why Peter boy, you need milk!" said his father.

"This'll fix it, sah!" said a voice, and there was the waiter again, all smiles. He poured a steaming, nut-brown, *grown-up* drink into Peterkin's cup, spoke confidentially behind a big hand—and Father's worried frown disappeared. "Try it, Peterkin," he said.

Peterkin beamed. "It's certainly a specially-nice drink, father!" he reported.

"It's specially *good* for you too, son!" said his father. "It's called Postum-made-with-hot-milk—Mother will let you have it every day."

**MOTHERS!** Postum-made-with-hot-milk offers an easy method of making your children drink their daily quota of milk eagerly—joyously!

Postum is made of roasted wheat and bran, slightly sweetened. Prepared with hot (not boiled) milk, it combines the body-building elements of the milk with the wholesome goodness of the grain, in a most appetizing way. It's easy to make, and economical too.

Make a thirty-day test of Postum as a beverage. We'll gladly start you off with a week's supply, and send you, besides, Carrie Blanchard's interesting book on Postum for children. Just fill in the coupon, and mail *today*.

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## MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich. ★ P.—C. L. 2-28

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup)

Please send also the Children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.

Name.....

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In Canada, CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.

## THE BOY WHO WAS THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

(Continued from page 78)

Fort Sackville and closed the back door of the colonies against them."

"Hooray," cried David, "hooray! I think that drummer boy ought to be appointed to represent the Northwest Territory."

"He certainly should," agreed General Washington, "but you must remember that all this took place ten years ago and he is probably a busy young farmer clearing the tract of land which the government gave him in return for his services. But how would you like me to appoint you to take his place for to-morrow? The committee won't know about it, but you and I will."

"I'd like it *very* much indeed," answered David, almost too happy to speak at the thought of sharing such a beautiful secret with his General. And then he stood up very straight, with his hand at salute while General Washington said, "David Oakes, I appoint you my personal representative of the Northwest Territory, and may you ever be a brave and loyal citizen of our great republic!"

That night David fell asleep very soon and dreamed of General Washington and brave drummer boys and Indians and bears, all mixed together in some strange manner. And then, about a half an hour later, it seemed to him, the big, misty April sun was peeping through the little old wrinkled panes of glass in his window and making dancing shadows on his eyelids, as if it wanted to tickle them awake.

At first, he felt rather tired and stretchy, but a minute later he popped out of bed in a hurry, for he had remembered that he had something important to do at home, something which *had* to be done before other people were up and around. And in almost less time than it takes to tell about it, he was up and dressed, and eating a breakfast of Grandmother's cookies which he had found in the big old pantry, while he galloped happily homeward on Jersey.

When David reached Trenton he did some very queer things. First, he hurried to the schoolhouse and when he found the door unlocked, he went straight to a table in the corner of the room where the children had been making flowers and looked around until he found some yellow material and a pair of scissors. Then he cut out some long narrow oval pieces as carefully as he could and put them in his pocket. And last of all, he closed the schoolhouse door and mounted Jersey and rode away to the flower-trimmed bridge, waiting in the morning sunshine for General Washington.

By this time it was growing a little late, and David looked around anxiously to see whether anyone was watching him. No one was any place near the bridge and so he went to work. He began at the end of the bridge and looked carefully at all the flowers, and wherever he found a thirteen-leaved

sunflower, he did something which made it look a little different and then went on to the next. In this way he hurried from flower to flower all down the bridge, like a big honeybee. And when he had finished, every sunflower had *fourteen* instead of *thirteen* leaves, and he whispered to himself happily, "I guess the Northwest Territory won't be forgotten entirely to-day."

The celebration that day was as beautiful as you can imagine and people came from miles and miles around to see it. Of course, David had a place near the bridge with the fife and drum corps, and he could see and hear all that happened very well. And the loveliest part of it all for him was the picture he saw when General Washington, dressed in black velvet and mounted on a snow-white horse, rode slowly across the flowery bridge and stopped under the arch, which David had helped to make, to receive the thanks of the city.

And when the girls who represented the thirteen states gathered around him and the little flower girls scattered their blossoms at his feet and began to sing their song of praise, David suddenly remembered that he, too, had been appointed to represent a territory which would some day be divided into many loyal states. And so David sang with the rest, very softly, of course:

"Welcome, mighty chief, once more,  
Welcome to this grateful shore."

And the Northwest Territory was represented.



## THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE

(Continued from page 95)

Sure enough, they saw that the great kettle was full of doughnuts bobbing up and down in the hot fat. The cook was taking them out with that long-handled fork and piling them into a row of pans on the bank. He waved the fork at them and invited them to help themselves. So the pirate filled a big paper bag and they went back across the river to have a fine feast on board the raft.

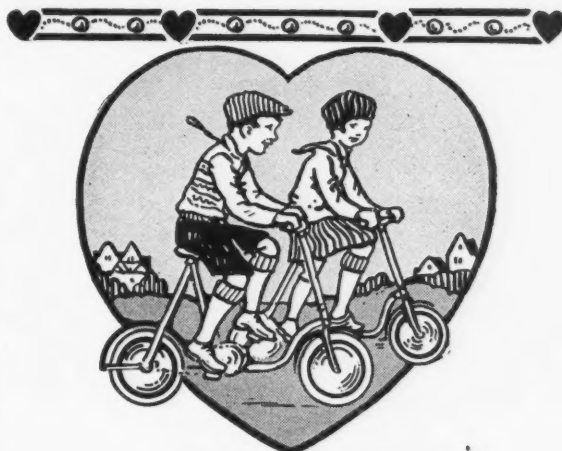
"Wish we could always be pi—like you!" mumbled Billy with his mouth full.

"Well," whispered their new friend, "you can. You go home and sleep at your grandpa's house nights, so as to be company for him; then you can come and be pirates along with me daytimes."

"We'll come to-morrow!" answered Billy and Klink with one voice.

What adventures were waiting for them!

(Part II of "The-Hide-and-Seek House" will appear in the March issue of CHILD LIFE.)



### MY VALENTINE and I

Of all the play I really love!

Under a sunny sky,

To Scooter Bike is what we like—

My Valentine and I.

The exercise is healthy;

What rosy cheeks it makes!

It's fun indeed to ride and speed

With ENDEE COASTER BRAKES.

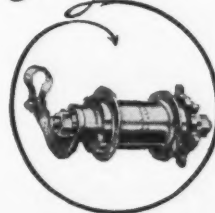
THE "Scooter Bike," "Playcycle," "Sidewalk Cycle" or whatever name it is called, is of course, incomplete without a good brake. The Endee Coaster Brake is ideal for this delightful vehicle because it is so easy to operate, so positive and absolutely dependable. It is applied with velvet smoothness, free from jolt or jar.

All makes of sidewalk cycles are using it. When you buy be sure this wonderful little device is in the rear wheel.

Send today for your jolly puzzle,  
"THE DISAPPEARING CHINAMAN."

Just write to—

*Especially designed  
for  
Scooter Bikes*



New Departure  
**ENDEE**  
**Coaster Brake**  
BRISTOL      CONN.

Adapted and Reprinted by Permission of John Martin's Book, the Magazine for Young People.





## A VALENTINE FOR CARLOTTA

(Continued from page 111)

"Oh, well," she told herself, "I suppose it wasn't anyone—or else it was Tony and he ran into the house! There certainly isn't anyone there now!"

Marian put her hand on the latch of the gate and pulled it open. She was halfway to the house when she thought she heard a movement close beside a holly bush. She jumped and looked round. She saw some one dodge out of sight.

For a minute she felt frightened enough to run away. Then she determined to go on up to the door. Whoever it was behind the bush could not



very well hurt her—there so near to Carlotta's lighted windows!

She hurried up the steps and dropped the valentine on the door mat. Then she ran down the steps again and dashed along the path. She was in such a hurry to be outside the gate and running home that she did not notice another figure making a dash for the gate from behind the holly trees.

When she did see the other hurrying figure, she tried to stop. But she was going too fast. At the gate she collided with the other person. They bumped so hard that both lost their breath.

Suddenly Marian began to laugh.

"Why, Ellen! What in the world—"

"Marian! Why did you come here?"

"Well, you see, I felt sort of mean about not inviting Carlotta to the party—and I was bringing her a valentine!" Marian admitted. She felt so relieved that the mysterious person behind the



Presidential Party in Yellowstone Park—August, 1927

## Yellowstone Park



**Bears Greet  
the President**

*A Booklet for You—Free*

**W**OULD you like to read about the bears of Yellowstone and how they amused President Coolidge by their antics when the Presidential party visited the park last summer?

Just like boys and girls, the bears are very fond of candy and sweets. That is why they come from the woods to the roadside in Yellowstone and "hold up" cars that are passing.

Crowds gather around them to take their pictures and feed them, but they are not afraid of crowds. They have been in Yellowstone Park too long for that!

If you would like to read more about the Jolly Bears of Yellowstone, just fill in the coupon below and mail it to us. We'll gladly send you a booklet.

## Northern Pacific Ry.

"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"

A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager  
613 Northern Pacific Railway  
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Smith:

Please send me your booklet "President Coolidge and the Bears of Yellowstone Park."



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Are you and your folks thinking of going to Yellowstone this summer? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_  
Check (✓)



## Is Your Child Getting a Half or a Whole Education?

JACK, aged eight, was puzzling over short division. "I can't do it; I've tried and tried. I can't get it right and I don't care!"

Exasperated and discouraged, Jack threw his books aside and resigned himself to the belief that he wasn't able to understand arithmetic.

Again Mrs. Winslow explained his lesson and cleared up the difficulty that had kept him from solving his problems.

"Don't you ask the teacher to explain when you don't understand?" she inquired.

"I don't like to ask the teacher to explain twice," Jack would say. "If I don't get it the first time when most of the others do, I'd have to stay after school to get it explained again, and I want to play then."

Jack's revealing conversation opened Mrs. Winslow's eyes. She realized that few schools could give each child individual instruction. Jack's teacher explained to Mrs. Winslow the impossibility, in a class of thirty or forty, of singling out one pupil and directing her teaching to him.

"Schools are for all the children, the instruction is planned to serve the needs of the majority," she said.

Mrs. Winslow wanted to find a way for Jack to get a better education than he was receiving at the local school. She wanted Jack to be familiar with the best in art, acquainted with good literature, alive to current topics. The way was suggested at The Mothers' Club by her neighbor, Mrs. Clair. She told Mrs. Winslow of a unique modern method.

"There is a school which comes to your child," she said, showing Mrs. Winslow a Calvert School announcement which she pointed out in one of the national magazines. "This school has solved the problem for thousands of parents like us. I can recommend it, for I

know its value," she went on. "I have been teaching my own child by this method for two years and the results are far beyond my hopes or belief."

Mrs. Winslow read:

"Calvert School Home Instruction Courses offer many unusual courses most children never receive. This famous school makes it possible for you to teach your child at home. Children progress just as fast as they are able; every difficult lesson is mastered before the next is taken up; there are no overlooked lessons. There are no lessons lost through sickness or absence.

"These Home Instruction Courses for children from pre-school years to high school are in a form to be sent all over the world—no matter where you live. Lessons are clear and interesting and easy to follow. Only a few hours a day of your time will bring astonishing results.

"The Calvert School, in Baltimore, furnishes all the material and takes the responsibility, if you wish, of guiding, directing and grading the work. These courses are the result of over 30 years' experience in child training. All modern and improved methods tested at the headquarters school in Baltimore are included. No matter where you live—3 or 3,000 miles away—you can teach your child this interesting, modern way.

"Parents appreciate the element of safety as well as the comprehensiveness of the courses of Calvert School. Freedom from street accidents, and from children's diseases, so frequently contracted in school, are but a few of the excellent features of Calvert Home Instruction Courses.

"That's just what I want for Jack," Mrs. Winslow exclaimed. "I have often wondered why your little girl was the most attractive child I ever met. Now I know. I want Jack to have these advantages, too."

Write us freely about your child—we are interested in your problem. Send us the coupon and test your child's advancement by Calvert Standards which will be sent you.

The Manager, Calvert School  
236 W. 40th St., Baltimore, Md.

Please send me full information regarding your Home Instruction Courses.

Name of parent or guardian .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....



bushes was only Ellen that she could not stop laughing.

Ellen suddenly threw her arms round her chum's neck. "You dear!" she cried. "I was feeling just the same way—so I came to bring Carlotta a little heart box of candy!"

Both girls laughed some more.

"Suppose," said Marian when they had got their breath again, "suppose we go home and write out another invitation and bring it round to Carlotta to-night! There's still time for her to come to our party to-morrow!"

"Let's!" Ellen agreed. "And if anyone makes fun of us for inviting her, we won't care! It will just show that they haven't any manners!"

But no one at the party felt in the least inclined to make fun of Carlotta nor of Ellen and Marian for inviting her. When Carlotta appeared in a little black velvet jacket and full striped skirt with a little embroidered apron over it and with a cunning headdress with gold ornaments sewed to the edges, everyone admitted that her costume was the prettiest at the party. When Carlotta sang for them some merry little Italian songs in her sweet clear voice, to redeem her forfeit in one of the games, every one stopped to listen and everyone wanted to hear her sing again.

"Why, the party wouldn't have been half so nice without Carlotta!" Marian exclaimed when it was over.

"No, it wouldn't!" Ellen agreed. "Oh, aren't you glad, Marian, that we didn't act like 'fraid cats and not invite her?"



## BY THE VALENTINE TREE

(Continued from page 88)

Well! Now let's see if you can make up a proper valentine to me!

JOAN (*happily*):

The poppy's red, the bluebell's blue,  
Oh, King Twinkem, I love you!

KING TWINKEM: That's better. That's *much* better. [*He touches her with his wand.*] Now you're the Queen of Hearts!

TWINK: Queen—

SQUINK: Of—

BLINK: Hearts!

[*As the FAIRIES run off the stage for a moment, JIGGERS disappears and MADAM SNAP throws a sparkling valentine cape around JOAN and puts a crown of hearts upon her head.*]

KING TWINKEM: Very becoming, eh Snip? Now let's begin the party!

TWINK: Let's—

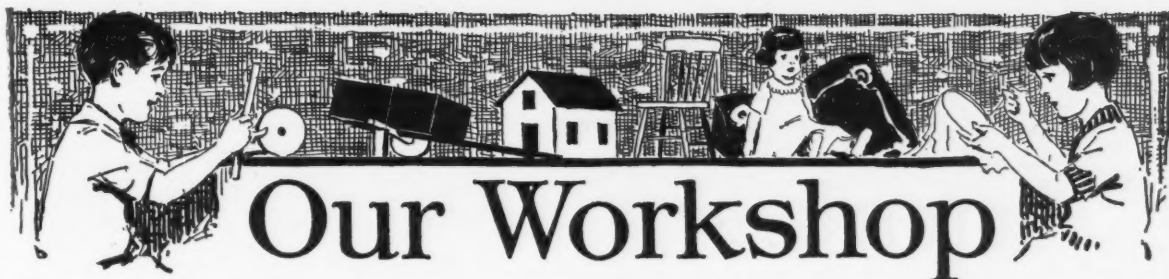
SQUINK: Begin—

BLINK: The party!

[*The FAIRIES now run back on the stage, wearing strings of hearts around their necks and hearts pinned on their wings. They carry balloons and throw confetti into the air as they dance with their queen around the valentine tree, singing:*]

O, come ye fairies, dance and sing,  
Near the tree of Valentines,  
Dance and prance while bluebells ring,  
By the tree of Valentines;  
Hearts that catch a rainbow gleam,  
Sunset rose and gold will seem,  
Twinkling in a fairy dream  
On the tree of Valentines!

CURTAIN



**W**HAT sort of a workshop have you? Has Dad fixed a place for you, or do you work upon a board clamped to Mother's kitchen table? Write and tell about it.

Some of our readers have names for their shops. Here are a few names: "The Juvenile Manufacturing Company," "The Tag Shop" ("Tag" stands for toys and gifts), "Feathered-Friend Home Builder," "Imakem-Ubuyem Shop," "Busy Bee Builders," "Homemade-in-America Shop," "Junior Woodworking Plant," "The Boy Tinker Company," "Junior Scout Craftsman." What's yours?

When you have selected the name for your shop, it is time to look about for a location. I hope that you find one in your basement. It must be dry and have good light.

Next, you must have a bench to work upon. Maybe Dad will buy one, have a carpenter build

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc.

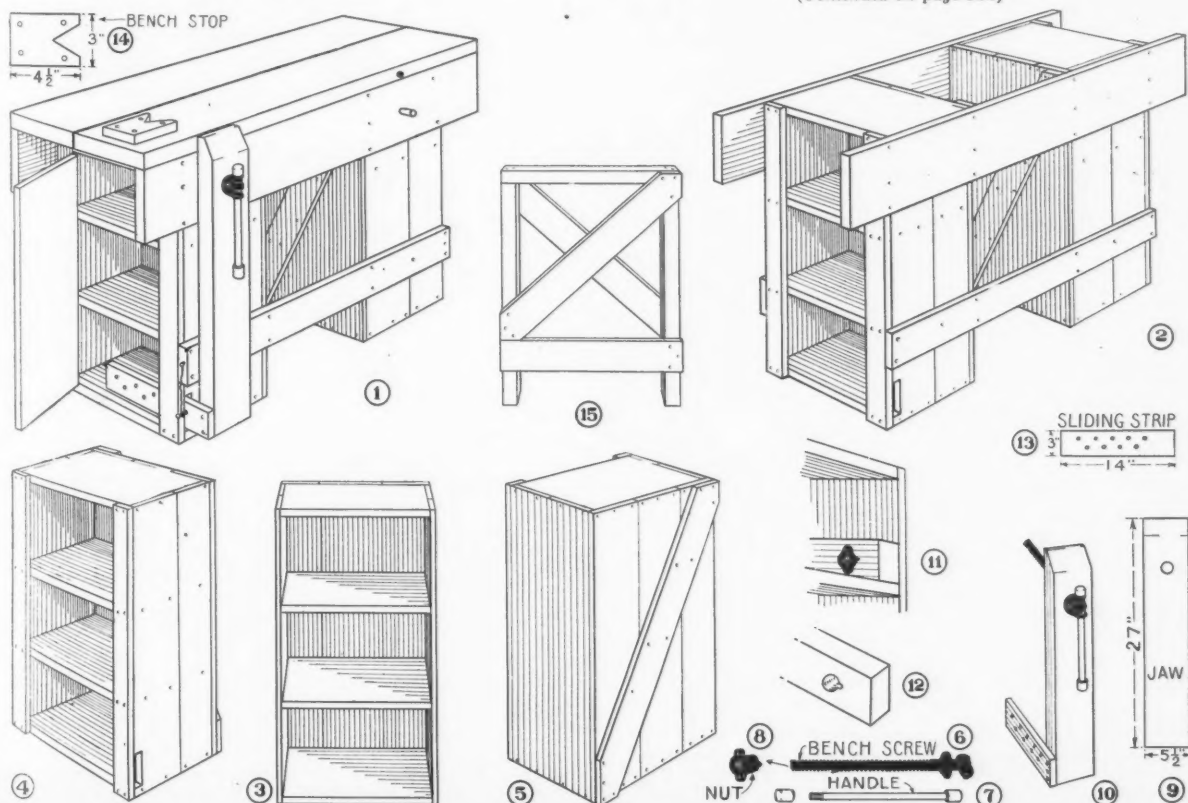
## A BENCH FOR THE WORKSHOP

with you is more fun than golf or business. And he will help you make many things. Don't let him know I said so, though, or he may decide he hasn't time to build a bench.

Figure 1 shows a dandy bench that you can make without help. It is built upon a pair of packing boxes, as you will see by Fig. 2. This type of bench ordinarily is supported upon a pair of frames of 2-by-4s, braced by 1-by-4s, like that shown in Fig. 15. Packing boxes save the work of building frames. Then, too, they may be converted into end cabinets, handy for tools and materials.

The packing boxes should measure about 10 inches deep, 14 inches wide and 27 inches long. The best

(Continued on page 122)





# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

*Designed by CHIUÉT. With patterns.*



MARION thinks this is the very nicest valentine she has ever had. But even a valentine puppy soils dresses, so Marion is going to wear gingham when she plays with Tige. A touch of cross-stitching adds charm to any gingham frock.

For walks, when Tige is really quite dignified, Marion has a velvet coat with tam to match. On warmer days her flannel wind-breaker and a box-pleated skirt No. (5620) are just the thing.

Wouldn't you like to find a lovely pattern among your valentines?

Pattern No. 5531, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

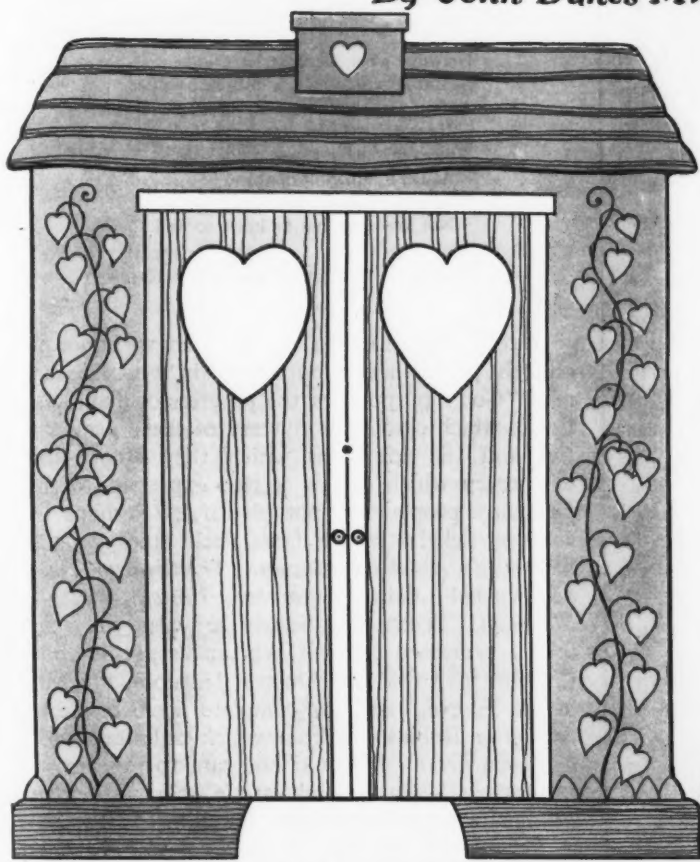
Pattern No. 5895, 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.

Pattern No. 5620, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

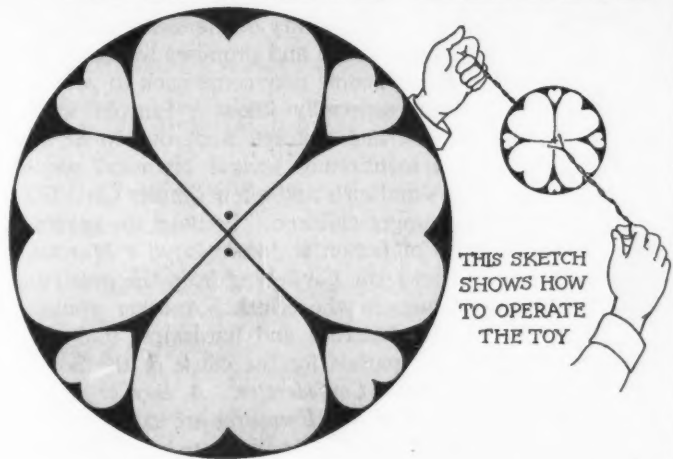
All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street Chicago.

# The VISITOR'S VALENTINES

By John Dukes McKee



## WHIRLING HEARTS



## DIRECTIONS

**MOUNT** the page on cardboard about the weight of a cracker box. Make up the three pieces of "The Visitor's Valentine," and the heart-shaped holes in the door. Run a pin through the black spot on the boy's hat, then through black spot in center of door and through the white spot on large black piece. Slip a piece of cork or eraser over end of pin to keep toy from separating. Bend up tab at bottom of black piece and paste to back of boy's trousers. Hold the toy in one hand and move the boy from left to right with the other.

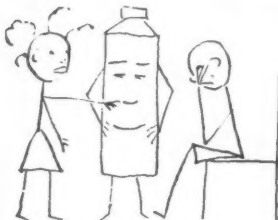
The girls will peep from the windows and the birds will fly about the chimney.

To make "Whirling Hearts" mount the circle on very strong cardboard. Run a piece of heavy thread or string through the two holes and tie the ends. Place the loops on the fingers; as shown in sketch. Whirl the toy to wind up strings, then alternately tighten and loosen the string to make the toy twirl. With a little practice you can keep the toy in motion indefinitely.

## The Adventures of Bob and Betty and Red Tube

I'M NOT going to the old party—it's too much trouble," said Bob.

"I never was much on that kind of a party," added Red Tube. "Well, you're both going," said Betty. "I know you'll have a good time. There'll be all kinds of good things to eat—and every single one of the Jones boys are going."



"If I go, I'll go as a Saturday Night Bath," said Bob.

"Are you sure you know enough about Saturday Night Baths to go as one?" suggested Red Tube.

"I believe I'll dress up like one of the Old Dutch Cleanser girls. I'll carry a stick and chase you and Red Tube."

"But how can I dress?" pleaded Red Tube. "I have such a strange figure, really there's almost nothing that is becoming to me. You see, I'm straight up-and-down, with practically no hips"—and he switched about the room as though he had the figure of a beautiful model.

"You could go as—as—as a vacuum cleaner. Put yourself in a bag, leave only your shiny top out, and you're fixed," was Bob's brilliant idea.

And so they finally set off for the masquerade party—Bob as a Saturday Night Bath, Betty

as an Old Dutch Cleanser Girl, Red Tube as a Vacuum Cleaner.

As parties go, it was really a very good one. They played Wolf-over-the-River, and "Buffalo Bill" was the wolf. They played Drop-the-Handkerchief, and "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary" was always caught.

Red Tube was the only one who didn't seem to have an awfully good time. Being tied up in a sack, naturally cramped his style. He couldn't run, he really couldn't do much of anything. First he sat on the curb and watched the others play—then he hobbled up to the porch. When who should he discover but "The Girl with the Million-Dollar Smile." She was huddled up on the swing crying as though her heart would break. Red

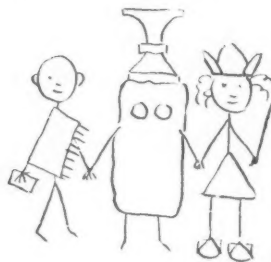


Tube felt a little embarrassed, but soon he mustered up courage to ask her what was the trouble.

"Oh-h-h-h," she sobbed, "the party is ruined for me. I can't go and play with the others—I can't. I ate some blueberry pie for refreshments—and now my million-dollar smile is ruined."

"Why, that's easy!" said Red Tube, hopping out of his bag. "I can clean your teeth in a jiffy—clean them so clean that your million-dollar smile will be worth two million."

And when he had cleaned away all the blueberry stain—he and the "Girl with the Million-Dollar Smile" went out to play with the others—and they were the life of the party!



## OUR BOOK FRIENDS

By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library  
Present Librarian, Edison Junior High School,  
Long Beach, California

He came when days were perilous  
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;  
And having made his note of us,  
He pondered and was reconciled.  
Was ever master yet so mild  
As he, and so untamable?  
We doubted, even when he smiled,  
Not knowing that he knew so well.


From *The Master*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON


In celebrating Lincoln's anniversary we honor not only the prairie-lawyer but all others, who, like him, read "God's purpose for the progress of mankind." Books which catch the mystery of these personalities and the spirit for which they stood—that democracy which means a rich expression of life for many people—are not plentiful. Perhaps the greatest delight comes from such epics as Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*, and Vachel Lindsay's *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight*. Truth and beauty are also fully and briefly expressed in Walt Whitman's poems about Lincoln, in Edwin Markham's "Lincoln, the Man of the People," and the complete poem of Edwin Arlington Robinson's from which only one verse has been given. I would not care to miss in my wanderings John Drinkwater's play, *Abraham Lincoln*, or the vivid accounts found in Ida Tarbell's *A Reporter for Lincoln*, Helen Nicolay's *The Boys' Life of Lincoln* or Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *The Roll Call of Honor*.

America owes her greatness not to the land which she owns but to the nobility of the men and women which she has produced and promises to make. In order that living people may come back to you and that you may especially know a Lincoln whose kindness, vision and courage went out to all the world, I am mentioning several historical novels for older boys and girls and a few simpler Civil War stories for younger children. Perhaps the greatest of the books of fiction is James Boyd's *Marching On*, which views the Civil War from the eyes of a plain, poor man in the South. Another younger story, full of adventure and hardships, told with tenderness and pathos for the cause of the South, is *The Two Little Confederates*. *A Boy at Gettysburg*, *Sewing Susie*, and *Emmeline* are each excellent accounts of the Civil War, written by Elsie Singmaster. In all three stories a young boy or girl unexpectedly plays an important role in rescuing soldiers. Other fine tales are *The Soul of Ann Rutledge*, *Forever Free*, and *The Red Badge of Courage*. *The Story of Nancy Hanks* tells how Lincoln's mother journeyed from Virginia, over the Wilderness Road, into Kentucky.

May you find in these books, whether they be



If you send in the coupon below, Red Tube Junior will come to your home—and with him will come the Zingo Book—a fairy story.




**COLGATE & COMPANY, Dept. 217-B**  
595 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE a sample tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and also a Zingo Book.

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poetry or prose, something that is fine and stimulating, which you, in turn, may translate into your life and the productive things of your country.

### "YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY"

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- The Way of Poetry - - - - - Edited by John Drinkwater  
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- The Winged Horse - Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Yesterday and To-Day - - - - - Edited by Louis Untermeyer  
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

## JOIN THE "OLD FAITHFUL" ANIMAL CLUB

*Uncle Jim Pres.*



### Color and Name this Animal

UNCLE Jim wants to know what his boys and girls know about the animals. Name and color the one above, with crayons or water colors ("Old Faithful" are best) - then paste it in the Animal Club Album which we will send you free on request.

At the end of the series (6 animals), the boy and girl sending in the best colored Albums will receive a prize of an "Old Faithful" Toy Set worth \$12.50 (illustrated at back of the Album)

Our Number 554-W "Robinson Crusoe" Box contains water colors, wax crayons, water dish, outline pictures to color with color guides, and a No. 7 brush. All for \$1.00.

The "Robin Hood" Box at 25c and the "Dutch Mill" and the "Circus" boxes at 50c are the same quality but smaller. Dozens of other fine crayon or water color sets from 10c up.

Your dealer should carry them; if not, send the money to us direct and we will forward them, postage paid.



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**ANIMAL ALBUM COUPON**

Dear Uncle Jim,  
Box 581,  
Sandusky, Ohio

Send me FREE your Animal Club Album.  
Also send me a "554-W Robinson Crusoe Toy Box" for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name..... Street.....  
City..... State.....

*The "Old Faithful" Toy Sets*

## THE SECRET OF BELDEN PLACE

(Continued from page 101)

all the details. How did you know where to look for the jewelry in the first place?"

"We didn't," I told her. "But after we found great-Grandmother Belden's diary—"

Aunt May was all attention. "Did you actually find the diary, too? For goodness sake, let me see it. Quick!"

Patty ran and got it for her in a hurry and when we slipped away we left Aunt May and Mother reading it aloud to each other. It was nearly dinner time when we heard them calling us.

"Listen, girls," Aunt May said, her breath coming and going in quick little gasps, in her excitement. "We're very happy to think you found the jewels. But, do you know, I believe you found a still greater treasure in this little diary. The descriptions of Civil War times are quite unusual, and the parts about the runaway slaves and the Underground Railroad are so touching and intimate and personal. I believe that some publisher will be glad to have this book."

"Then Jimmy can have his reward, can't he?" I cried.

"Bless your hearts," said Mother, putting one arm around Patty and another around me. "All three of you will get a reward if this book sells as we think it will; and the very first money shall go to Jimmy."

"Yes, and there will be odd jobs around Belden Place, if Jimmy wants to save his money for an art course," said Aunt May. "His mother showed me some of his work, and I think it's well worth saving for."

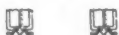
We called Mrs. Fisher and Jean and, of course, Jimmy; and when we told him he was so happy that, timid though he was, he simply had to begin turning handsprings to get rid of his excitement. And Jean cooed and Mrs. Fisher wiped something out of her eye with the corner of her apron.

"I'm going to learn to be an actress on my money," said Patty.

"I'm going to learn to be an author," I said.

"And I'm going to be a sure-enough artist," said Jimmy. And everyone seemed pleased.

THE END

THOUGHTS ON  
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

ELEANOR HAMMOND

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON was great, I've heard.

Now I am still quite small

But I am growing every day

And soon I shall be tall!

I wonder, when I'm great and big

Upon some far-off day,

If they will put my picture, too,

On postage stamps this way!

## OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 117)

place to go for them is a paint store, hardware store or dry goods store. Select boxes that are alike, and strongly made. Nails may have loosened, so go over the boards and drive in additional nails.

To fit the boxes for cupboards, cut two boards to fit in each, for shelves, and fasten them between the box sides with equal spacing (Fig. 3). Then cut strips 2 inches wide from the cover boards, and trim the fronts of the cupboards with them, as shown in Fig. 4. You may enclose the space between the strips with a door hinged to one strip, as shown in Fig. 1, or with a curtain of burlap or other heavy cloth hung upon a rod. The diagonal strip shown nailed across the box bottom (Fig. 5) is provided to give the box rigidity.

In addition to the boxes, buy two pieces of a 2-by-8 plank for the bench top, two pieces of a 1-by-8 board for front and rear aprons, and two pieces of a 1-by-4 board for bottom rails. Four feet is long enough for the bench top. This will be the length of the aprons, too. Make the bottom rails 10 inches shorter.

First, connect the boxes with the apron boards and bottom rails, as shown in Fig. 2. Then nail the top planks in place.

The bench is not complete without a vise. You can buy various forms of vises, but the cheapest is the homemade rig shown in Figs. 1 and 10. For it you must buy an iron bench screw (Fig. 6), with its wooden handle (Fig. 7), and nut (Fig. 8), and a piece of 2-by-6 for the jaw (Fig. 9). To assemble the parts of the vise, bore a hole large enough for the bench screw, through the front bench apron and box. Then bore a hole through a block of 2-by-4 large enough to receive the iron nut (Fig. 12), and fasten this block inside of the box, with the nut directly in line with the hole through the bench apron (Fig. 11). Bore a hole through the jaw, to receive the bench screw, at a height corresponding to the position of the hole in the bench apron, slip the screw through the hole, and screw the collar to the jaw (Fig. 10). When the vise is closed, the top of the jaw should be even with the bench top. A bottom sliding strip completes the vise. Cut this of the size shown in Fig. 13. Bore a series of small holes through the strip, and nail it to the left edge of the jaw. Cut a slot through the box to admit the strip, and provide a nail on a string to fit in the holes. The purpose of the sliding strip is to prevent the bottom of the vise from pushing in, when work is placed in the vise. With the nail peg adjusted to the right hole, the bottom of the jaw will be held in line with the upper part.

Figure 14 shows a bench-stop, or block, to push work against. Notch the block, as shown, and screw it to the bench top. For the support of long pieces of work held in the vise, bore several holes through the apron, at the right end of the bench, and cut a peg to fit in them.

That is all there is to building the work bench. Easy, isn't it—like many seemingly hard things—when you learn how to do it?



#### CLUB MOTTO

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to  
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

#### THE OLD HOUSE

The windows are dark and the walls old  
and gray  
Of the house that stands up on the hill.  
It is lonely and sad in the heat of the day,  
In the dusk it is ghostly and still.

The windows are dark. They have lost all  
their glass,  
But no, in the sunset's rich glow  
The house is transformed and strange  
things come to pass  
By the brush of the sunset below.

Bright jewels shine out from the dark  
windows there  
Reflecting the gold of the west,  
Some fragments of glass left by chance, or  
by care,  
To bring out the black of the rest.

And what do they see now that old friends  
have gone?  
Do fairies look over the sill?  
Do ghosts of the past come thronging along?  
Or do tramps find this house on the hill?

The fragments still glow in the sun's last  
embrace  
But in splashes of softer gold.  
Now they fade, are gone, and the ghostly  
place  
Has its secrets still untold.

KATHRYN EVANS,  
Aurora, Ill.

Age 13.



VICTOR WILLIAMS

#### SCENERY AROUND PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

There are about 20,000 people in Ponca. There are many pretty homes here. There are five public schools and one big high school. They are building a new Rock Island depot. There are many hard roads around here.

We went fishing the other day and we saw narrow dirt roads winding up over rocky hills. There are rock fences and pole fences and hedge fences. As we went fishing we saw a scorpion. Dad saw a tarantula.

There is a beautiful river just south and east of here called Arkansas River. There

are not very many pretty trees out of Ponca, but mostly rocky hills and shrubs.

Mr. Markham has a wonderful new home. Some of the rooms are big enough to set a seven-room house in them. He has a Japanese man to care for his gardens. His gardens are full of many kinds of flowers. One fence about two miles long is covered with climbing roses.

Mr. Wentz is another oil king. He built a free swimming pool for the children.

The 101 ranch is about ten miles from here. It covers many acres of ground. There are lots of animals and many horses. We saw a big bear named Tony.

There was an Indian trail marker put up last week, and Sunday, July 17, the Indians unveiled it. It was built many years ago by White Eagle and his tribe. They were Osage Indians.

VICTOR WILLIAMS,  
Ponca City, Okla.

Age 7.

#### VALENTINE DAY

All the Yuletide days are past,  
Valentine's month has come at last.  
Valentines of every hue,  
Lace and hearts and flowers, too!  
Birds send messages from tree to tree,  
But "Child Life" is the valentine for me!

HELEN WALSH,  
Oak Park, Ill.

Age 9.

#### GAY

I have a little doggie  
His name is Gay.  
He was seven months old  
On Valentine Day.

ISABEL BARNETT,  
Chicago, Ill.

Age 9.





DUTCH  
WINDMILL  
See LePage's  
Book, page 22

WAR  
TANK  
See  
LePage's  
Book,  
page 24

## Just Suppose You Had a Copy of this Wonderful Toy-Craft Book

*What a fascinating time you could have making your own toys*

IT WOULD be just as if you owned your own toy shop and could choose most any toy you wanted. LePage's Book shows you how to make many interesting toys out of odds and ends of cardboard. You can make a bird house, or a windmill, or a war tank, and many more equally fascinating things—toys that you can play with and have loads of fun making. The directions are complete, clear and easy-to-follow.

Send 10 cents for this wonderful  
LePage's Book

TRY this new way of making your own toys. It will develop you into quite a skillful little craftsman. At the same time it gives you a lot of fun. Mother and daddy will enjoy helping you. You'll be surprised and pleased at the nice toys you can make. To try it, all you have to do is send us the coupon and 10 cents (coin or stamps). Address, LePage's Craft League, 513 Essex Ave., Gloucester Mass.

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Gloucester, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's Boys' Work Shop Book. Please send a copy of this book to:

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

### FEBRUARY

There's a wonderful weaver  
High up in the air,  
And he weaves a white mantle  
For cold earth to wear.  
With the wind for his shuttle,  
The cloud for his loom,  
How he weaves, how he weaves,  
In the light, in the gloom!

Age 9. HELEN ROBERTSON,  
Trotters, N. Dak.

### MY VALENTINE

Lovely Maiden, shy and fair,  
Rosy cheeks and chestnut hair,  
The sun for me will ever shine,  
If you will be my valentine.

Age 12. JEAN HYMAN,  
Chicago, Ill.

### GEORGE WASHINGTON

Young George with his hatchet, he  
Cut down his parent's cherry tree,  
"I cannot tell a lie," said he,  
And with this motto he grew to be  
A great and noble man.

Age 11. DOROTHY SAMPSON,  
Woodcliff, N. J.

### THE LIFE OF LINCOLN

More than a century ago in Kentucky in an old log house, on the twelfth day of February, 1809, there was born a babe, whose name was Abraham Lincoln.

Finally, Lincoln's father decided to move to Indiana where game was plentiful and the soil was richer. He went on a raft, taking the crude furniture and tools, and in a few days Mrs. Lincoln and the two children started on the long journey, too. At night they slept under an old tree on a deer skin blanket and covered with another. After a long journey they reached Mr. Lincoln.

Lincoln had very few books but those he had he knew from cover to cover. He had the Bible, "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights Stories," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "United States History." Lincoln loved books. One time a book about law fell into his hands. He studied it and later became a lawyer. Lincoln was loved by every one.

One day "Abe" was going to a trial with some of his friends. On the way he saw a pig in the mud that could not get out without help. He rode on a little ways and thought of the poor pig in the mud. Then he decided to go back and lift it out. "Abe" left his friends and went back to pull it out. Although "Abe" had on a new suit of clothes he pulled the pig out of the mud.

One time "Abe" worked in a store. While he was working in the store, he had a feeling he would like to be one of the men in the legislature, so he ran for that office, but was not elected. In another year or two he made the race again and this time he was elected. Finally he was elected to Congress where he did his work splendidly.

One day while in his box at Ford's Theater in Washington, D. C., he was shot by John Wilkes Booth, an actor, who was half crazed by the defeat of the south.

Lincoln was hurt very badly. He was carried to a house not far away where he died soon after. The whole nation bowed in grief. The North and South forgot their difference and were joined in a bond of mutual sympathy in the loss of this, their friend.

Age 10. MARY SMITH,  
Carmi, Ill.



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THE foot of a child is a wonderful, flexible spring composed of twenty-six small bones held in arched formation by muscles and tendons. To allow these muscles the necessary amount of strengthening exercise, her shoe must function with the foot. It should fit the foot in action.

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Children will be fitted conscientiously at your local Cantilever agency. If it isn't listed in the phone book under "Cantilever" write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. for the address.

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For Health and Economy  
Men, Women, Children

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## Travel!

IF YOU are planning any tour, short or long, low priced or *de luxe*, in U. S. A. or abroad, write me for itinerary, prices and advice.

As usual I am conducting a European Travel Tour—sailing June 23rd—for 85 glorious days.

Mrs. Henry P. Eames' travel party sails March 31st for 65 days. A wonderful opportunity for young girls as well as older ones to see Europe safely and under inspiring leadership.

### ADDRESS

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Kimball Hall  
Chicago, Illinois

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SHE is Mother's good little girl again—and so pretty you'd hardly know her! Long ago, she used to be cross and naughty—until she began eating all the wholesome, fattening foods the doctor ordered, and weighing herself on DETECTO every day. Now she's healthy and happy again.

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**[Makers also of Detecto-Lette,  
the new springless baby scale]**

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like "Child Life" very much. I like "Right About Rhymes" also. There is another story I like, too. The name of it is "The Adventures of Andy."

I am sending you a picture of myself and my dog Teddy. Teddy is a smart dog. I go swimming nearly every day. I can swim and dive very well.

Your friend,

A. J. BARTHELOW,  
San Antonio, Texas.

Age 10.



A. J. BARTHELOW

### A VISIT TO ST. VALENTINE'S

Nan and Jim were two little children. Nan was four and Jim was five years old. Now Nan and Jim were very patient little children but they always wanted an adventure. At dinner on Valentine's Day, they would each find a box full of candy kisses and hearts, so they believed that St. Valentine came, just as Santa Claus does, and left them these candies.

It was the day before Valentine's Day, and Nan and Jim were to have a party in honor of St. Valentine. They could hardly go to sleep that night, they were so excited.

Now Jim woke up in the night and there stood a fairy. "Who are you?" asked Jim. "I am the messenger of St. Valentine and have come to take you on a journey," answered the fairy softly.

"Wake up! Nan! We're going on a journey," said Jim.

"What journey?" asked Nan.

"I am going to take you to the land of hearts, or Valentine Land," said the fairy. "Now stand up and fly."

"But!" said Nan, "we don't know how!"

"Yes," you do. You try," said the fairy.

So Nan and Jim raised their arms and, lo, they flew!

"Now fly north and you'll soon be there."

They soon saw that the stars instead of just plain lights were the dazzling windows of St. Valentine's palace. Soon they came to the giant doorway (or archway) and in they flew; then they dropped to the bottom and started to walk. As they walked, candy sticks, candy kisses, lollipops and many other dainties fell in their pathway.

Just then the candy clock struck twelve. The children raised their arms to fly and dropped all their dainties.

Away they flew back home again and got there just as Mother came into the room to wake them.

KATHERINE FRAZER,  
La Grange, Ill.

Age 9.

## ALMOST A MILLION JUVENILE GARMENTS



**L**AST year almost a million little garments bearing the Babette label were sold over retail counters of the United States. If you could see the letters from many of the mothers who bought them you would *always* look for this label in all juvenile apparel.

We are now making preparations to sell Babette by the yard—so that you may use it in home sewing. We will gladly give you the nearest retailers name on request.



"Their Shopping Adventures" is an interesting little booklet containing a delightful story for the children and many practical hints for mothers on dressing children over two years of age. It is sent, together with a swatch of silk large enough for a handkerchief, in return for the coupon below and ten cents.

### CAPITOL SILK CORP.

171 Madison Ave., New York City

I am herewith enclosing ten cents. Please send me your booklet "Their Shopping Adventures," and a swatch of Babette for silk handkerchief.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

I buy my children's clothing at

Name of dealer requested.....

Dealer's address.....



## Send for FREE SAMPLES

Send now for 1928 samples of Kalburnie. See for yourself how varied the patterns are, how gay the fast colors, how suited the fabric is for hard wear. You will like some of the patterns for your own house dresses. (Kalburnie Gingham is made by Lancaster Mills, Clinton, Mass.)

## KALBURNIE

### THE CHILDREN'S GINGHAM

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Please send me free samples of Kalburnie, the Children's Gingham.

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**Out Come Seeds and Core in a jiffy!** Makes a messy job, clean; a hard job, easy and quick, and the fruit looks better to serve. Ask your dealer. Write for circular. —and— good proposition for agents.

**BOYLE** ★  
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Hang Pictures in the Children's Room with  
**Moore Push-Pins**  
Glass Heads—Steel Points  
For Heavy Pictures  
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Scientifically Secure Safety  
10c pkts. Everywhere  
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Cuticura Talcum**  
Is Soothing  
**For Baby's Skin**  
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

### THE SNOWFLAKES

See all the snowflakes go,  
Whirling, whirling, round and round,  
Sometimes fast and sometimes slow,  
Whirling, whirling to the ground!

LESLIE LAUGHLIN,  
Concord, Mass.

Age 8.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like my magazine very much and I would like to tell you about my wild-flower garden. It is at the end of our lawn. We have a big oak tree and pine tree, and in among the stones, Mother and I have planted wild flowers. We went out in the woods and dug them up with our trowel.

All around the oak tree we have planted beautiful hepaticas—deep blues and pinks and some white. These begin to bloom before the snow is off the ground.

Around the pine trees, we have violets blood root, lovely white and painted trilliums, lady slippers and many more sweet flowers, that we found in the Heldre-bargs Mountains. Mother and Daddy and I have planted this garden and love it very much.

Your friend,

EUNICE HULL,  
Schenectady, N. Y.

Age 9.



JOSEPHINE SCOTT

### ROBIN HOOD AND 'LITTLE JOHN

Beneath the boughs of the greenwood tree  
Robin Hood lived, quite merry and free.  
He ate the King's good fallow deer  
And drank brown ale with much good cheer.

One day as Robin was walking along,  
He saw a young man right lusty and strong.  
They met on a bridge and both would pass  
But the bridge was too narrow, alack, alas!

They plied their staffs with right good will  
Till Robin was toppled into the rill.  
"Prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?"  
Quoth Robin, "Good faith in the flood I trow.

"Come, come, my friend, and give me your hand.  
Wilt thou not join our merry band?"  
"Yea!" quoth the stranger, "that will I do.  
And we shall be friends both loyal and true."

JOSEPHINE SCOTT,  
Cleveland, Ohio  
3267 Ingleside Rd.

Age 10.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO  
Honor Roll and Solution  
Will Appear in the March Child Life



### Arabella was a romp

She wouldn't be ladylike, and she wouldn't be careful, but she did love Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. And her mother knew that they protected Arabella against coughs and colds. Since 1847 this pure, safe "candy" has been a treat for children, and the trusty friend of careful mothers.

Two kinds: S-B and Menthol.

## SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS



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They are entertained and guided by our picture method. Boys and girls of six years quickly play simple melodies on the piano and sing the words. Start your child in music now this easy way.

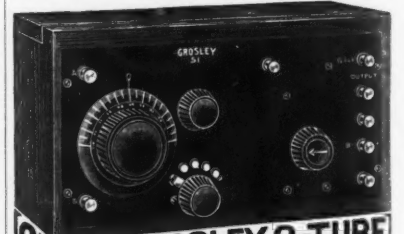
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Two songs to the sheet. Order from following list:  
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Diet experts generally agree that a cup of cocoa gives the body indispensable food elements in an unusually appetizing form.

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*Send for sample of  
BAKER'S  
COCOA*

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Walter Baker & Co., Inc.  
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(In Canada: Walter Baker & Co.,  
Ltd., Toronto, Canada)

Enclosed find 10c. Please send me sample tin of cocoa.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

C-CL-2-28



Dear Miss Waldo:

I am writing you about a pet I once had. It was a cat and I called him Skeezix.

One day he was lying on the floor. I was sitting on the other side of the room, bouncing a big rubber ball. Knowing how well cats like to play with balls, I rolled it to him and to my surprise I saw it suddenly rolling back to me. I could not see for the first two or three times how he did it. Then the next time I saw. He held the ball with his front paws and kicked it with his hind feet. After that he always rolled it that way.

Sincerely yours,  
CHARLES ELDEN LIPP,  
Wichita, Kan.



LEE H. BURNS

Dear CHILD LIFE:

Last summer I climbed to Vernal Falls, in the Yosemite Valley without resting and my mother and auntie rested many times. I am spending the winter in Coronado, California. I go over the Mexican border quite often to the horse races at Tia Juana. This is Spanish, meaning Aunt Jane. I am sending my picture. It was taken by the man who photographs all the winning horses after each race. I have put an X over my picture. The other two little boys play around the race track. I read my magazine each month, no matter where I am, at home in Boston or in California.

Age 7½.

LEE H. BURNS,  
Coronado, Calif.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I am inclosing a poem about Lincoln. He is my favorite president and after seeing the movie, "Abraham Lincoln," I composed the poem.

#### LINCOLN

Lincoln, who was a patriot true,  
Is just a copy for me and you.  
To animals he was always kind  
And never left a one behind,  
And from his boyhood days he grew to be  
A president, and just see  
How bravely he did fight and fight  
For his country and what he thought was  
right.

Lincoln who was a patriot true,  
Is just a copy for me and you.

BETTY LENNON,  
Sioux City, Iowa.

## Stuffed Dates



*are*  
**HEALTHFUL  
SWEETS**

NO reason for children (or parents either!) to stay away from a tempting dish of dates, deliciously stuffed.

In answering that perfectly normal craving for sweets, Dromedary Dates are actually providing sound nourishment.

Dates are rich in fuel value and contain mineral salts for red blood corpuscles and bone-making. If you stuff dates with foods that contain other essential elements, these confections become a well-balanced food, as well as a delicacy.

Dates and stuffings like these can only be good for you as well as good to eat.

*Try these date stuffings*

*Peanut butter  
moistened with lemon juice  
Dried fruit paste made  
of chopped apricot, figs and nuts.  
A mild cream cheese*

## Dromedary Dates

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY  
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Please send me the Dromedary Library—3 booklets with photographic illustrations and descriptions for preparing and serving Dromedary Dates, Dromedary Grapefruit, in cans, and Dromedary Coconut. By "The Lady with an Apron."

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**THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A.F. 45, TYRON, PA.**

## RULES FOR WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

WOULD you like a real, live baby alligator next summer—one less than a foot long to catch flies and eat raw meat and take a swim when he has a chance?

David Newell, the artist-naturalist, is going to give six baby alligators as the first six prizes in the CHILD LIFE Wild Animal Contest. To the very first prize-winner he will also give an autographed copy of his book, "Cougars and Cowboys." Then there'll be honorable mention for those he chooses and a message for all from David Newell.

First of all, write Mr. Newell—if you haven't done so already—care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, for a free map of the United States with the tracks of six animals on it. These six animals are being pictured in CHILD LIFE, between January and June, with their tracks. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.

Second, make a list of the six animals and the states in which their tracks appear.

Third, to enter for the prizes send the list of animals and states, together with a letter of not over 200 words about the wild animal you like best, to Mr. David Newell, care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois before June 12, 1928.

The prizes will be awarded for the six best lists and letters.

David Newell,  
CHILD LIFE Magazine,  
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